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New Republic

THAT KINSEY BOOK

"SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE HUMAN MALE": A FRANK CRITIQUE

By JAMES R. NEWMAN

EXODUS MEMOIRS

BEGINNING: THE FIRST COMPLETE STORY OF A TRAGIC VOYAGE

By RUTH GRUBER

15¢

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An Open Letter to President Truman

MR. PRESIDENT: *January 17, 1948*

IT is time for a showdown on Palestine. When bloodshed and violence jeopardize the lives of millions of people and threaten the peace of the world, it is time for action. Virtuous condemnation is easy, but it avails nothing. Pious sympathy is pleasant, but it rebuilds no homes, mends no bones, brings no dead to life. Only immediate and forceful measures, adequate to the emergency, will stop the wanton murder of innocent people and avert a war that may engulf again the nations of the world.

What are you doing about this situation, Mr. Truman? The American people have a right to know.

Ever since you became President of the United States, you have issued pious statements about Palestine, calling upon the Jewish people to bear their sufferings with patience and fortitude and promising that our Government, implementing the will of the American nation, will use its great power and influence to end their tragic plight and to solve the Palestine problem.

Now it is almost three years since you took office. During this time the condition of the Hebrew people has changed for the worse. The 100,000 Jews left in German concentration camps have increased to 250,000. The 1,250,000 Jews of Eastern Europe are more destitute and more miserable than ever. The 750,000 Hebrews in Palestine are still living in a British police state and are now subject to murderous attacks by the Arab followers of that Nazi war criminal, the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem.

This state of affairs raises a very serious question. Is the President of the United States so lacking in power and influence that he is not able to fulfill his promises despite the fact that they have the wholehearted support of the American people? Or is the President of the United States insincere, and his statements merely vote-catching devices, as charged by Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin?

Incontrovertible Evidence

IT is a grave matter to impugn the sincerity of the President of the United States. The Political Action Committee for Palestine hesitates to make this charge against one who holds your exalted office, but we are faced with incontrovertible evidence of actions which negate your declarations and promises. May we call your attention to the following undeniable facts?

1. Your statements to the Jews of America were inevitably followed by assurances from the State Department to the Arab Governments that these declarations would not affect policy.

2. Your request, in October, 1945, that the British Government admit to Palestine the 100,000 Jews then confined in German concentration camps was not seriously implemented. Neither your personal influence nor the pressure of our Government was exerted to achieve this objective.

3. In lieu of this action you accepted the British proposal of an Anglo-American Commission of Inquiry. You offered assurance that its report would serve as a basis for the solution of the Palestine problem. Nevertheless, at the instigation of the British you discarded the report of the Anglo-American Commission.

4. You unequivocally declared yourself opposed to partition and in favor of a "viable Jewish State." Yet you permitted the American Delegates at the UN General Assembly to approve the partition proposal of UNSCOP, allocating less than 1,500 square miles of arable land and 4,000 square miles of desert to the "Jewish State." Moreover, it was at the insistence of the American Delegation that UN lopped off 300 square miles of arable land and the entire seacoast of the Negev Desert from the pitiful allotment made to the Hebrew people.

One-Sided Embargo

IF these facts, Mr. President, constitute an indictment of your sincerity and goodwill, what shall be said of the action taken by the State Department in the present Palestine crisis? The Hebrew people there are the victims of an unprovoked attack by the henchmen of the criminal Mufti. With the connivance of the British Government in Palestine, the Arab League has embarked upon a campaign of assassination, arson, and looting to destroy the nucleus of the "Jewish State." Arab Governments from the adjoining countries are openly supplying men and arms for this campaign. These arms came from the United States. Yet, the State Department, which furnished the Arabs with forty-one million dollars' worth of war property has now, with your approval, proclaimed an embargo on arms to the Middle East, thus preventing the Hebrews of Palestine from obtaining the means whereby they may defend their lives.

The heinous character of this action is emphasized by the fact that the American Delegation at the UN Assembly was responsible for the rejection of the proposal to establish immediately an International Police Force composed of the troops of small nations to maintain peace in the Holy Land. An explanation of this action has been given by R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., who declared:

> I obtained a clue last week when I discussed the problem with a prominent State Department expert on the Middle East. "We could not possibly support a UN police force in Palestine," he said, "it would offend the Arabs." "But without it the very existence of the Jewish State is at stake," I said. "I know," he said, "but we have to consider American interests."

Whose State Department?

MR. President, the State Department is *your* State Department. It is you who bears the responsibility for its decisions and actions. It is you who must be held accountable for the loss of innocent lives—both Hebrew and Arab—if this loss is the result of State Department policy. The American embargo on arms to the Hebrews of Palestine is being interpreted by the Arab potentates as sanction and encouragement for their campaign of murder. The Mufti's mercenaries would not have dared to attack the Hebrews had they not been encouraged to count on British connivance and American inaction.

Mr. President, now is the time to offer unmistakable proof of your sincerity—by action, not by pious statements. Now is the time for you to stop the murder of innocent people and to prevent the outbreak of another world war.

We submit below a memorandum incorporating the recommendations of the Political Action Committee for Palestine for immediate and effective measures of aid to the Jewish people in the interests of peace and justice. To achieve this purpose in Greece and Turkey, you have recently proposed and carried into effect the most drastic policy of intervention ever attempted by the American Government. *What you have done for these countries, you can do for Palestine.*

These recommendations include measures to be taken by the United States Government, by the United Nations, and by the British Government. We are certain that if the United Nations and the British Government are impressed with your sincere determination to obtain their aid, they will accede to your request. The world today looks to America for moral leadership and material help. Peoples of democratic nations will compel their Governments to accept this leadership in the interest of justice and humanity.

Respectfully yours,

POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEE FOR PALESTINE

RABBI BARUCH KORFF, *Co-Chairman*

We believe that if this message is published in every important newspaper in the United States, millions of Americans like you will write or wire their demand for action. This message will appear in Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Miami, New York, Philadelphia and Washington. You can make it possible to have it published in fifty other cities. Only your moral and financial support can help us save human lives.

GIVE US THE MEANS TO MAKE KNOWN THE WILL OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

RECOMMENDATIONS

1. Modify U. S. embargo on arms to the Middle East allowing Jews to import arms for defense.

2. Lend-lease to Hebrew nation military equipment necessary for adequate defense.

3. Instruct American Delegate to UN to request Security Council action ordering member nations to embargo arms to Arab countries.

4. Instruct American Delegate to UN to support establishment of International Police Force composed of small nations.

5. Request Great Britain to open the Port of Tel Aviv for immediate repatriation of Jews of Europe.

Political Action Committee for Palestine, Inc.
104 West 70th Street, N Y. 23, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose herewith my contribution of $_____ to aid your campaign of rallying American support behind a program of peace and justice in the Holy Land.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ **ZONE**____

(Mats of this message can be obtained free from the PAC for Palestine

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New Republic

EDITOR: Michael Straight
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR: Henry A. Wallace
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Bruce Bliven
PUBLISHER: Daniel Mebane
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: W. D. Patterson

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WASHINGTON WIRE

AFTER we have pulled the coverlet up, we repeat ten times every night, "Make us love Harry Truman." Two or three months of this have made us grow quite mellow to Our Harry. And then he does some hideous thing, like demoting Marriner Eccles as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board and replacing him with the Republican Union League manufacturer of Scott's Tissue. And we have to start our prayer all over again.

We have watched Eccles, man and boy, for 12 years, and there isn't a congressman before whose committee he has appeared who doesn't respect his brains and integrity. He has taken Truman's anti-inflation program seriously and is about the one man in Washington who has been trying to do something about it.

There is no rational explanation for Truman's honeyed decision to demote Eccles unless it is that he doesn't want inflation interfered with till after the election. It has disheartened and sickened a group of professional Democrats, and even brought gibes from Bob Taft.

We have never seen Truman so angry as when newsmen needled him last week about the affair. No one could investigate the President, not even Congress, he said, and that only by impeachment. "Or by election," muttered a reporter. The Eccles-McCabe mystery was last week's burning tissue (pardon us) issue, in Washington. Oh dear, we must start all over again. "Make us love Harry Truman; make us love Harry Truman. . . ."
(See page 10.)

Electionitis. Turning our jaundiced eye to Congress we find a promising case of Electionitis in full swing that should run its feverish course for the next ten months. Congress is preparing a little something for nearly everybody.

The disagreeable universal-military-training issue has been neatly pocketed in the House Rules Committee. The idea of economic controls has been efficiently knocked on the head by chairman Wolcott of the powerful Banking Committee, to the pleasure of various vested interests.

The whiskey lobby has licked the extension of grain controls in what is really a particularly outrageous betrayal of a starving world, and Congress has literally put booze before bread. The GI's meanwhile, are going to get their benefits increased. Biggest handout of all, of course, is the jolly old tax cut, which looks as if it might teach even this inflation some new tricks.

Take it all in all, everybody should get something from Santa Claus Congress, and, if the cost seems too excessive, there's always the Marshall Plan fund to raid for more dollars.

Out of Dickens. There came to Washington last week a deliciously repulsive figure, straight out of a Dickens novel. Anybody looking at him and seeing him in action would have been sure he was a fictional character. Washington newsmen watched avidly —they are connoisseurs of queer specimens, and this one was tops. Senator McCarthy (R, Wis.) dredged him up in the course of his "gray market" investigation.

Isadore Ginsberg of New York will get any desperate builder or contractor any product he wants—at a price. He lives by defying voluntary industrial price controls from lath to gypsum board. He weighs something over 300 pounds, and in the committee room he waddles from chair to chair testing its strength, sitting astride a corner and letting his Falstaffian paunch rest in the center.

Is he abashed? Not at all. He is practising freedom of enterprise and

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the fine old American profit motive. Has he done anything illegal? Not at all, he asserts, nor is he likely to, while Congress virtuously eschews imposing controls and similar traps of socialistic regimentation. Until then the Ginsbergs will laugh at the Senators.

GOP talk. Post-Eisenhower presidential-election talk for the Republicans has been veering toward the possibility that Vandenberg can be drafted, after all. There also are comments on the good impression Stassen has been making, as a personality, on a lot of reporters accompanying him through New England.

Stassen, forty years old, is a hard-working, attractive figure. He has a sort of liberal veneer. He knows he must follow a bold course in an uphill nomination fight, and his actions are consciously reckless, which gives him drama. His decision to raid Taft's Ohio for convention delegates is typical. He is like a man who has bid a grand slam and knows that he can make it only on the off-chance of winning three finesses.

The worst thing we know about him is his confused book, *Where I Stand,* in which he supports a kind of doctrinaire capitalism and doesn't seem to be able to differentiate between communism and British social controls.

Harry's chances. Truman's political strength is greater in the various opinion polls than it is in the current estimates of the average Washington correspondent. But it looks pretty bright contrasted to Congress. Searching around in traditional American fashion for someone to vote against, the average citizen might seem reasonably likely to think of the Republican Congress first.

We venture to guess that the single greatest political asset Truman has is Mrs. Roosevelt. In any sane political world the professional Democrats would nominate her as Truman's running-mate, but that is unlikely. Perhaps it would be too ironic, they feel, not to have her first on the ticket.

Washington T. R. B.

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VOLUME 118, NUMBER 6, ISSUE 1732, NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 9, 1948 **New Republic**

THE WEEK

Most Americans are convinced that whatever their sins, very few of them have committed national aggression or imperialism. The word "imperialism" sounds to the American like something out of *Pravda,* or an accusation we have been throwing at the British for a good many years. Helping out oppressed Filipinos or Cubans, or paying for Alaska with hard cash, doesn't, to the American, add up to much in the way of aggression.

But this week Secretary Forrestal told the Senate War Investigating Committee that in time of war, the US must have Middle East oil, and that the "vital interest of the United States" extended from Gibraltar to the Indian Ocean.

This doesn't sound well meaning and benevolent to us. It seems hard and ugly and, to use an often misused word, strangely un-American.

ERP PRICETAG

Chiang. For their support of ERP, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg and other Republican leaders have exacted a price from the State Department—a promise that aid will be requested also for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

Galling as such a request is to the department, which from Secretary of State George C. Marshall on down understands the hopeless corruption of Chiang's regime, State is quietly drawing up a program for loaning China $300 million. The experts handling it compare their task with the equally distasteful one they had when drafting General Albert C. Wedemeyer's controversial report on China. Insiders say the Wedemeyer report, though carefully suppressed, was strongly pro-Chiang. Now the department's experts are being required to advocate another program with which they are in deep disagreement.

As soon as word reached China that a new loan was to be proposed, Chiang dispatched a special emissary to help with negotiations. The man he chose to represent him, Pei Tsu-yi, former governor of the Central Bank of China, has already demonstrated he knows how to turn a neat personal profit on transactions with the US. In 1945 he was arrested and tried on charges of using his official foreknowledge of a change in the price of gold to make a private financial killing. The gold was part of a US loan.

Pungent odor. Now Pei is in Washington to see how big he can get the State Department to make the new loan program. State's misgivings, instead of dwindling, have increased lately upon receiving word that half of the 130 million rounds of rifle ammunition sent to Chiang last summer already have been sold directly to the Chinese Communist forces. The ammunition was valued at $6,566,589, although the selling price to Chiang was $656,658. Reports reaching the State Department say half of the ammunition was sold on the docks of Shanghai by Kuomintang men to Communist agents, who then smuggled the bullets northward.

Nonetheless, the smooth-working Chinese lobby, backed by Senator Vandenberg, hopes to jam through a loan to Chiang's corrupt government.

Our Favorite Parson

SENATE CHAPLAIN Peter Marshall, whose three-paragraph prayers are often more profound than Senators' three-hour speeches, last week asked Divine guidance on the world's "true" problems: "the problem of lying, which is called propaganda; the problem of selfishness, which is called self-interest; the problem of greed, which is often called profit; the problem of license disguising itself as liberty; the problem of lust, masquerading as love; the problem of materialism, the hook which is baited with security."

IT'S STILL NOT RIGHT

Don't count yet. The GOP tax-reduction steamroller isn't in the clear yet. Though gag rules and limiting resolutions have pushed Harold Knutson's (R, Minn.) latest effort through the House, the opposition may for a third time prevent any tax bill getting on the books.

On the other hand, working for the bill is the inability of the Democratic opposition to agree on a substitute.

President Truman sticks to the thesis that when you're making good money is the time to pay off your debts. Hence, he proposes a $40 tax credit for each dependent, to be compensated by higher corporation taxes. Conservative Democrats concede the political usefulness of tax reduction in an election year but choke on the corporation levies. They have threatened privately to vote for the Knutson bill unless something less "radical" than Truman's suggestion is put forward.

This conflict explains why the only tax bill the Democratic leadership could offer was a weak-kneed "me too" compromise quickly brushed aside by the GOP majority.

Asking price. The Knutson bill is a pretty brazen affair which throws a small sop to the poor, great gobs to the rich, a sugar plum to the well organized aged, and sticks a knife into the government pocketbook. Probably it could not be passed over a White House veto. But it represents only the

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What the USSR-Polish Pact Implies

by Alexander Kendrick

MOSCOW (by wireless)

THE NEW SOVIET-POLISH economic agreements are impressive. Premier Jozef Cyrankiewicz, Vice Premier Wladyslaw Gomulka and Industry Minister Hilary Minc have gone home with a bonanza. The Soviet credit of $450 million is important enough merely as a figure in these Marshall Plan days to get more attention than it was given in the US press. The entire amount will go for capital goods and industrial equipment delivered over a nine-year period.

In short, Polish industry, both heavy and light, from steel to textiles, is to be built up with direct assistance by the Soviet Union of machinery and equipment for constructing major plants.

Turnabout. It was only a few years ago that the Russians themselves were importing capital goods from the US and Great Britain. Their ability now to export such goods, and in addition automobiles and tractors—which the Poles are getting under a separate trade agreement—is an eloquent comment on Soviet planning.

The nine-year term of credits means that they will span not only the current state plans of the two neighboring countries—the Polish Four-Year Plan and the Soviet Five-Year Plan—but will extend well beyond, into 1956. This may be a first step toward planning on an even longer basis than the familiar three, four or five years.

But there are even deeper implications. The Soviet credits were granted after the Poles had failed to get the $600 million loan they had asked from the World Bank. The bank's president, John J. McCloy, was in Warsaw recently, acting as agent for the Marshall Plan as well as for his own outfit. And his verdict on the loan was "no," though Poland's industrial record for 1947, with its overfulfilment of coal, metallurgical, chemical and other quotas, showed that the Poles were a good risk.

The Soviet-Polish arrangement follows similar Soviet credits granted to Yugoslavia and Albania for a like purpose. The potentialities of a Polish-Czech industrial combination in the heart of Europe are enormous.

It may be said, of course, that the Soviet Union can deliver capital goods to other countries by the simple expedient of depriving its own people of them. There is no evidence here to support such a contention. The latest Soviet figures indicate a production tempo well ahead of the 1948 plan, so that the export of heavy goods becomes possible without constituting any threat to fulfilment. In fact, some industrial plants are already pledging themselves to complete the Five-Year Plan not only in four years but in three years and nine months.

More bread. The parallel argument that giving the Poles 200 thousand more tons of wheat—also on credit—within the next three months is only possible by depriving the Russians of bread is also refutable by even more direct evidence. Each day Soviet bakeries add to the amount and varieties of the bread that is currently available at low prices.

The Marshall Plan may be able to do better for its clients, but right now it seems that those who have hitched their wagon to a Red star, economically speaking, aren't doing too badly.

Alexander Kendrick is a veteran US correspondent in Moscow.

NAM asking price. House Speaker Joseph W. Martin Jr. (R, Mass.) concedes that the Senate will tone it down, particularly the loss in revenue, now estimated at $6.5 billion.

But unless the Senate acts more sensibly than seems likely, Truman will veto the GOP-NAM tax dream for the third time, perhaps repeating what he said last July about try number two: "This is *still* the wrong kind of tax reduction and this is *still* the wrong time to provide tax reduction."

He might make it stick, too. Last time the House snowed him under, but the Senate upheld him. This time it seems possible that he may be backed up as well as upheld. Enough of the 45 Democrats and the handful of liberal Republicans may take the chance of being able to convince their constituents that only reactionary intransigence did them out of tax relief.

DIXIE MILESTONE

New test. South Carolina white supremacists have asked the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals to reconsider its decision nullifying the "country-club" method of excluding Negroes from voting in the Democratic primaries.

The court's action is a milestone toward Negro suffrage in the South. If upheld, it will put an end to judicial enforcement of the "all-white primary" in the South. Every state with election laws like South Carolina's is deeply interested in the result of the demand for a rehearing.

In 1944, South Carolina circumvented previous decisions handed down by courts in Texas, Louisiana and Georgia by having an "Extraordinary Session of the General Assembly" repeal all statutes relating to primary elections (about 150). In their place, the Democratic Party state convention adopted a complete new set of rules.

Rejection. These, the circuit court refused to recognize, rejecting the argument that Negroes have "no more right to vote in the Democratic primary of the state of South Carolina than to vote in the election of officers of the Forest Lake Country Club or for the

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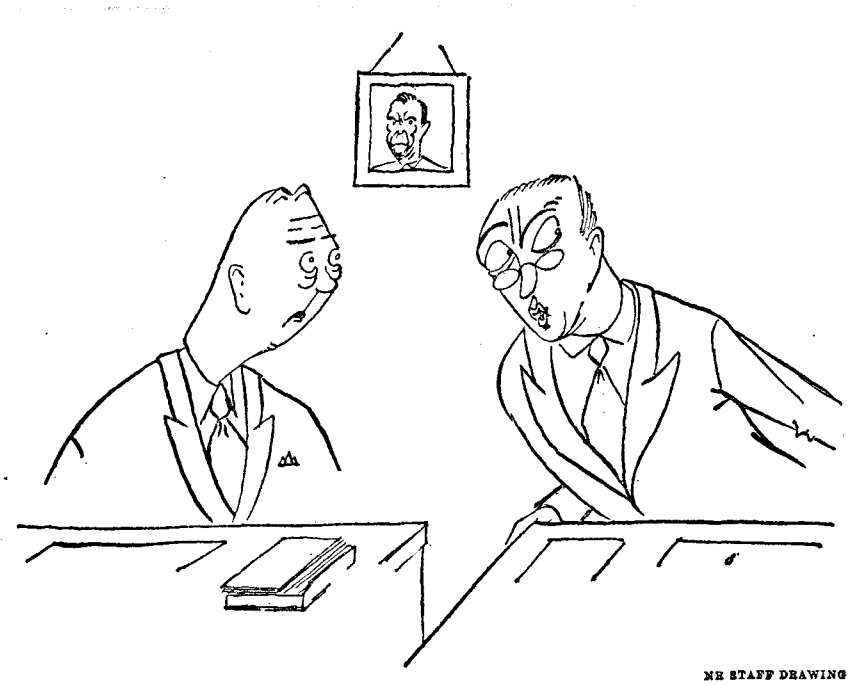
officers of the Colonial Dames of America. . . ." The court denied "that a political party is a mere private aggregation of individuals, like a country club, and that the primary is a mere piece of party machinery."

It pointed out, moreover, that for at least 50 years the Democratic Party has held absolute control of the choice of elective officers in South Carolina and that therefore "the real elections within the state have been contests within the Democratic Party, the general elections serving only to ratify and give legal validity to the party choice."

The appeal will be watched with special interest in Alabama and Georgia. Alabama's "Boswell law" requires prospective voters to "interpret" rather than merely read or write the Constitution. The catch is that persons must interpret the organic law to the satisfaction solely of the local registrars.

As fast as the courts reject as unconstitutional Southern voting laws, new restrictive practices will be tried, but Negro leaders are prepared to press for their rights.



NR STAFF DRAWING

"HAD ANY DANGEROUS THOUGHTS LATELY?"

FAILURE IN PALESTINE?

Crisis. The United Nations faces the grim prospect that it may not be able to enforce its most important decision —the partition of Palestine. And UN delegates realize, almost unanimously, what failure to do so can mean: the almost total destruction of UN prestige as an effective world governing body. But even this sharp realization has not stirred the UN to action.

The five-member UN commission which has been instructed to go to Palestine for an on-the-spot investigation of conditions has thought of all kinds of excuses not to go. Yet its presence could be a calming influence on Arab-Jewish strife. Also the committee would be able to gather vital information to aid future implementation of the partition decision.

The prime responsibility for UN inaction lies with the United States and Great Britain, which are quietly sabotaging the partition plan. Pro-Arab forces in the US State Department, notably Loy W. Henderson, of the Office of Near Eastern and African Affairs, and presidential adviser Admiral William D. Leahy, are telling Truman that the US must "lay off" in Palestine so as not to injure our relations with oil-rich Arab states.

This pressure is backed by Secretary of Defense James V. Forrestal's warning that he will quit the cabinet if the President should aid in the creation of a UN constabulary in Palestine. The US attitude is echoed among anti-Jewish elements in the British government, which is anxious to soft-pedal its differences with the Arabs so as to protect its mid-East oil concessions.

Without the active support of the US and Britain, the UN cannot be expected to follow through on partition. The result of such inability will be a death blow not only to its own chances of survival, but to many thousands of Arabs and Jews in the Holy Land.

ARMOUR SAYS NO

Demand. The United Packinghouse Workers of America (CIO) is the first union to key its third-round wage demands directly to the Bureau of Labor Statistics report on the cost of living in large US cities.

Ralph Helstein, president of the UPWA, opened negotiations with Armour with a demand for an increase of 29 cents an hour. He based it on BLS figures showing that an urban family of three needs $1.39 an hour to live decently, whereas only one-third of the UPWA workers make more than $1.10 an hour. The minimum in the industry is $1.02 an hour.

Armour said that the $1.39 rate was "preposterous," and the negotiations soon broke down. As required by the Taft-Hartley Act, the UPWA has filed notice with the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service of its inability to reach an agreement. Negotiations are scheduled to open soon with the other three of the "big four" packers—Wilson, Cudahy and Swift—but a settlement with Armour would set a pattern for the entire industry.

Helstein said that the packers could grant the full wage demands without increasing the cost of meat. The 1947 profit figures of the big four seem to bear him out. After taxes (and tidy allotments to surplus), the UPWA said the big four showed a net profit of $88 million among them. A 29-cent-an-hour increase for the 100,000 big-four workers comes to about $60 million.

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BIG OIL GUESSES WRONG

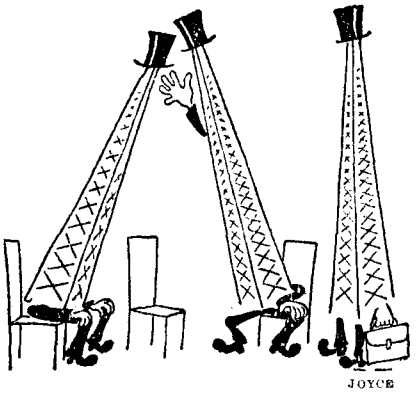
by Jan Hasbrouck

A WITNESS testifying before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee recently explained the oil dilemma thus: "It isn't so much that there is a shortage," he said. "The real trouble is that consumption is too high." The oil companies, in their wisdom, calculated that US consumption after the war would be 30 percent above prewar. And they have more than met their own quota; production in 1947 was 35 percent higher than in 1941. It was eight percent more than in 1946, and is currently about as great as it can be without wasting a lot of the fast disappearing US petroleum reserves.

The trouble is that the US economy is not behaving the way the oil moguls had figured. Demand is higher than during the war, nearly twice what it was before the war, and greater than the whole world's demand in 1938. We have produced the things that consume oil much faster than we have produced the oil.

New demand. There are a million more cars on the road than in 1941; there are a third more trucks and nearly 50 percent more buses. Road traffic in 1946 was 2.2 percent greater than in 1941, and last year it was 8.6 percent greater than in 1946. Farms and the aviation industry use twice as much fuel. Home oil heaters were 22 percent more numerous in 1947 than in 1946. Diesel locomotives and Diesel engines of all kinds have multiplied far beyond predictions. Military use—about five percent of the total—is ten times what it was in 1937 and three times 1941. Exports, lower last year than in 1946, and well below prewar, are about two percent of crude production and six percent of petroleum products.

It is not enough to say that the oil planners were wrong, but so were lots of other people. Oil productive capacity could not, to be sure, be increased much during the war years. But since the war there has been plenty of time to get a synthetic-fuels program (oil



and gas from coal, shale and natural gas) well started. The car orders were on record, the production plans of the oil-burner firms were no secret, the housing demands were set forth in the papers daily. In short, the high-paid, high-power brains of the oil industry, always quick to sneer at government planners, might have done better.

Not only was their over-all judgment bad, they have made some more recent blunders. One such error was the oil companies' shortsightedness in allowing the government to sell the Big Inch pipelines to natural-gas companies as surplus property.

And then there is the matter of tankers. A year ago the oil companies could have had a substantial number of surplus tankers. But they didn't think they would be needed. So now they have either been sold to foreign countries or have so deteriorated that it would be a long and costly process to get them back into service.

Patent complex. The big oil companies' reluctance to go ahead with synthetic fuels is due largely to their desire to have all the patents and processes firmly in their hands first. So far, most of the work has been done by government pilot plants, which have shown that gasoline can be made almost as cheaply from coal and shale as from petroleum. With proved reserves of only 22 billion barrels of petroleum, and 1947 consumption at 1.7 billion, the oil firms know that soon they will have to turn to synthetics. But they haven't got the deal sewed up to their satisfaction yet and so are holding back.

Steel, too. Big Oil likes to blame Big Steel. And there is a good deal of truth in its charges. The steel industry's refusal to increase capacity through lack of confidence in the country's future has made steel very hard to come by. And it takes a lot of steel to build the huge plants which turn raw materials into gas and oil. Also, the problem of oil distribution is seriously handicapped by the shortage of tank cars, which is directly attributable to the shortage of steel.

To date the oil industry's only concrete contribution is a promise to boost production of fuel oil five to seven percent at the expense of next summer's gasoline.

The National Petroleum Council, an industry group, is planning a campaign to teach the public how to use less fuel. The Senate and House conduct endless hearings, and from time to time a program of voluntary control is proposed. But all this is entirely inadequate and typical of the GOP refusal to tackle the nation's economic problems except in terms acceptable to the National Association of Manufacturers.

SYNTHETIC OIL

Plea. Scientists have speculated for years about the day when the US would have to supplement dwindling oil reserves by making oil from coal and other materials. Now Interior Secretary Julius A. Krug and Defense Secretary James V. Forrestal have asked Congress to hasten the day by beginning construction of an $8 billion synthetic-oil industry—now. It will take from five to ten years to complete the job, they said, but the work must begin immediately if the US is to guard against running short of oil.

Strategic considerations are behind the urgency of the two cabinet mem-

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bers. They do not say that the country is running out of oil now. This winter's oil shortage stems from a lack of transportation and refining facilities rather than from any exhaustion of the oil underground.

The United States could import the oil it will need from the Middle East, South America and other places. But, if war should shut off those supplies at the same time it boosts demand, the country would not have the oil to keep its military and civilian machines running. The two cabinet members were saying that this is a gamble the United States cannot afford.

New industry. Enough work already has been done by the government and industry to make certain that the country can produce all the synthetic oil it needs at a price that will come close to that of the natural product (see the *NR*, August 25). With a $30 million research appropriation voted by Congress in 1944, the Department of the Interior has: (1) built one demonstration plant which now is making oil from shale for $2 and $2.50 a barrel—natural oil sells for about the same price, but is better quality; (2) will shortly complete a second demonstration plant which will make high-grade gasoline from coal for 9 to 11 cents a gallon if credit is given for by-products; and (3) has carried on extensive research work that has vastly improved German processes for making oil from coal. Most of the know-how necessary to build a two-million-barrel-a-day synthetic-oil industry already exists.

The private oil industry at present is building one commercial plant to make oil from natural gas, and plans to start another next year.

If the oil industry does not begin the building of commercial plants soon, Krug will recommend either that the government build the plants and lease them to private industry or that some kind of a subsidy system be set up. The industry is expected to welcome this kind of government financing. It could give the oil giants an easy hold on what will be the country's most important new industry.

The Campaign Year: Alabama and Ohio

FOLSOM'S CHALLENGE

Big-muscled. Alabama's Governor "Big Jim" Folsom has branched out into national politics. On the occasion of his first anniversary in office, he told a statewide radio audience he had developed so much muscle fighting the corporation-controlled Alabama legislature that he now felt ready to tackle the people's enemies on the national level.

"Who's running our party in Washington?" Big Jim asked. "Why are they trying to keep down a debate at our convention? The head of our party is a nice man. But he's not running our party any more. And he's not running our country. He's let himself get hog-tied.

"He's got some men hanging around the White House who don't care anything about him, or the party, or the country. They're thinking about themselves and how they can make a million dollars off your sweat.

"But taking money out of the farmer's pockets isn't the worst of it. Look at the three departments that will lead us to war or peace. There's the Defense Department. It's headed by a Wall Street lawyer. Then there's the State Department. It's headed by a professional soldier, a good man as long as he stuck to being a policeman for democracy. He's failed at everything he's tried since then. Then there's the Commerce Department. It's supposed to build up our foreign and domestic commerce. It's headed by a monopolist. . . .

Bribes and guns. "You can't bribe and threaten the world into peace. Look at the countries where our agents have been handing out bribes and guns.

"The Communists are getting stronger. But the Democrats are getting weaker. Real Democrats don't want to accept bribes, and they don't want guns. They want freedom and bread.

"Look at China. . . . We have kept a dictatorship on the backs of the Chinese people. Look at Greece. We forced a rotten king on the poor Greeks. Our agents are in love with the dictator Franco in Spain. . . .

"There ought to be 25 Democrats running for President today. There's at least 25 Democratic leaders who would make a better party leader and a better President than the one we've got. But our Democrats in Washington are not even debating with the Republicans, much less each other. . . . We've got to wake up and get the power of our party back in the hands of people at the branchheads. . . .

"I have just signed the papers entering the race for delegate to the Democratic convention. I'm asking you for a mandate to go to that convention and raise the banner we can fight for.

"If you send me there as your favorite son for President, I will challenge the leader of our party. I'll go to the branchheads, the crossroads and the courthouses of this nation of ours.

"The banner is there for all to see. Those with courage and real faith in the pure, school-book democracy will rally and fight."

TAFT-STASSEN

CLEVELAND (NR correspondent)

Volunteer. Harold Stassen volunteered for the presidency long before General Dwight D. Eisenhower refused to be drafted. Now, backed by some former Eisenhower supporters, Stassen is breaking all regulation party rules by challenging Senator Robert A. Taft in his own state: Ohio.

Stassen is fighting Taft's views. He argues that since the Ohio primary election on May 4 is the only one Taft has entered, Ohio is the only place where Taft's ideas on foreign and domestic issues can be tested.

Stassen believes that by showing strength in Ohio he will prove that his views on domestic affairs, and Van-

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denberg's approach to foreign policy, must be adopted by the Republican convention at Philadelphia if the Republicans are to win. For Stassen the Ohio primary may be as decisive as the Wisconsin primary was for Wendell Willkie in 1944.

Monopoly. In Ohio, Republican politics is pretty much a closed corporation. When the state organization, dominated by Governor Thomas J. Herbert, the Tafts and the Brickers, dubbed Bob Taft the favorite-son candidate for President, no one was supposed to oppose.

However, Stassen, a late starter, will try to capture 21 or 23 of Ohio's 53 delegates to the national convention by filing in 10 or 11 districts, and will seek one of the nine delegates-at-large. Experienced observers give him a good chance to win from five to eight delegates.

Two men brought Stassen into the Ohio fight. They are Earl Hart, his Washington office manager, and Robert A. Weaver, Cleveland industrialist, who raised some $400,000 for the Willkie campaign in 1940. Hart ran the successful 1940 senatorial campaign of Harold H. Burton (now Supreme Court Justice) when the Clevelander upset the hand-picked candidates of the Republican bosses.

Backing. Stassen supporters include progressives, liberals, near-conservatives, anti-organization Republicans, veterans, labor leaders, crusading ministers, Negroes, businessmen and even some nominal Democrats.

The answer to what Stassen can do in Ohio can be found in the 1936 primary records. The late William E. Borah of Idaho filed that year in a few districts—incidentally, against "favorite son" Taft. He won five delegates out of 52 with only a token campaign and no money.

Stassen will make a campaign and will have money. Fred Johnson, Ohio Republican state chairman, expressed the feelings of most Taft supporters when, on hearing of Stassen's announcement, he shouted: "It's un-American!"

ECCLES, LANDIS AND TRUMAN

by Helen Fuller and William Walton

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT needs competent men to direct its tremendous activities. It needs outstanding liberals if the President is sincere in his liberalism. In dismissing James M. Landis and Marriner S. Eccles, President Truman has turned out two of the last remaining New Deal leaders in Washington whose enduring competence and liberalism have never been questioned.

Inflation is the greatest problem of Americans today. The President, on paper at least, is committed to a battle against inflation. As chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Eccles was close to the heart of this battle. He was, in fact, opposing further inflation with all his strength at the moment that Truman, without even an explanation, removed him.

No warning. Until three days before he was fired, Eccles had no idea that he was not going to be reappointed chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, a post he had held for 12 years. The first point in President Truman's 10-point anti-inflation program had been "to restrain the creation of inflationary bank credit," and Eccles had been very busy trying to turn those words into actuality. He had received no more help from Secretary of the Treasury Snyder than he had from the big bankers. Both had gone to Capitol Hill to argue and lobby against a bill giving Eccles powers to carry out the President's proposal.

Eccles recommended "that all commercial banks be required . . . to hold some percentage of their demand and time deposits, in additional to present reserves, in a special reserve . . . either of short-term government securities or cash, cash items, interbank balances, or balances with Federal Reserve Banks." The ability of the banking system to create new reserves without borrowing is at present a powerful inflationary force, Eccles argued.

But the big bankers protested against any restrictions on their power to make loans at will. Rising inflation was no excuse for restoring the Reserve Board's control over bank lending, lost during the war, they said. They preferred to regulate themselves, thank you. Secretary of Commerce W. Averell Harriman avoided any seeming support of Eccles' position when it came time for him to testify on the President's 10 proposals.

About two weeks ago a delegation of important New York bankers kept an unscheduled "back door" appointment with the President to discuss financial policies. Washington reporters are divided as to whether insurance magnate Lewis W. Douglas (on leave from our London Embassy to direct the ERP fight in Congress), Averell Harriman or Secretary Snyder had the most to do with arranging this call. Emil Schram, president of the New York Stock Exchange, was very busy around Washington at that time and went back to Wall Street a few days later with the advance news that a protégé of George Harrison, another insurance man of New York Life, had been named to Eccles' old job, and that the Reserve Board was presumably back in "reliable" hands. Thomas B. McCabe, a Republican banker and paper manufacturer from Philadelphia, was duly nominated to a Reserve Board vacancy and designated chairman. Eccles was demoted to the vice-chairmanship.

When Truman finally called Eccles in to tell him, three days before making the change, he offered no real excuse for thus sabotaging his own anti-inflation program. He had to put McCabe in Eccles' job "for personal reasons," he said. One hour of talk produced no others. Eccles left the White House with no explanation, just a plea to "stand by." Almost any other man in Eccles' place would have packed up in a hurry. He is a wealthy

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man who certainly does not need the job. But he is also a stubborn one, unusually consecrated in his Mormon way. Maybe he was out of the top spot, but he still had a post from which he could carry on his fight against inflation—and perhaps he could still swing a majority on the Reserve Board in some decisions. He would not help the President weaken his own program by walking out.

Banking spokesmen smugly commented that Eccles had been "too idealistic." "Mr. Eccles maintained a dictatorial position sponsoring radical proposals, such as the special secondary reserve plan, and neglecting to consult with leaders in the banking community." And, they predicted, Eccles' special-reserve proposal will not "be pushed so vigorously" from now on.

Credit and inflation. The position of banks today is greatly changed as a result of the war. In the past, banks generally could not expand their loans and investments except when they obtained new funds, or borrowed. The very large holdings of government securities now held by banks makes it easy for them to shift assets at will. When banks sell their government securities, the Federal Reserve Board has to purchase them if there is no other buyer—otherwise the securities market might collapse. Whenever the Federal Reserve System buys more securities, however, new reserves are created which pass to other banks and contribute to expanding credit still further—probably six to ten times the amount of the reserves that were made available.

This new element in the credit situation has been closely watched by Eccles. It is the Federal Reserve Board chairman's particular sector of the inflation front. The banking world is sure that in McCabe they have a man who will not be so worried as Eccles has been about keeping that sector under control.

Landis and the CAB. The case of James M. Landis, ousted as chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, parallels the Eccles case in that Landis, too, won the hostility of big interests because of the principles he applied to public issues. In his previous public jobs, as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, a member of the Federal Trade Commission and as Director of the Office of Civilian Defense, Landis had developed an administrative philosophy which put the interests of the people first and business second. When he took over the CAB, at Truman's request, in June, 1946, that philosophy found ample field for application.

MARRINER S. ECCLES

The major airlines had come to consider that routes, allotted to them by federal authorization, were permanent property, assets that could be bought and sold. Landis felt otherwise, holding that federal authority to grant routes implied a like power to rescind authorization if at any time an airline was deemed to be operating contrary to the public interest.

This and other concepts like it were no more popular with the airline bigshots than was the passionate importance Landis placed on air-safety regulations. The public, he said often, had a right to expect the use of every practical device to lower the accident rate. And the airlines, no matter what the expense involved, would also profit through increased passenger confidence, which in turn would increase the volume of air travel.

So effective was his advocacy of safety regulations that the Airlines Pilots' Association, a notoriously unsentimental organization, gave him a special award. The reaction of the airlines, including Pan-American, Eastern and United, was just the opposite. And in the end it was the hostility of the airlines which cost Landis his job.

As usual, when Big Business wants something special from the Truman Administration, the man to do the ax job was Secretary Harriman, who found the task not unpleasant since he has an intense personal dislike for Landis. In addition, Harriman, scion of the Union Pacific, aspires to have all US transportation regulated eventually by his Department of Commerce. A major step in this direction would be to bring in the airlines—a course he urged on the President's Air Policy Commission and which they in turn recommended.

Landis gave the final spur to Harriman's anger when he testified eloquently before the Air Policy Commission in behalf of an independent CAB. He even, as was his right, took his views straight to the White House. So Harriman joined with the big airlines in insisting to Truman that it was time for Landis to go.

The President, in breaking the news to Landis, said he was sorry but that he had made "other commitments" which prevented him from keeping Landis.

What price competence? In both the Landis and Eccles cases "other commitments" and "personal reasons" were chosen by the President as criteria, instead of the only valid one of competence in government. As such instances have increased during the Truman Administration, the conclusion is inescapable that the President either does not recognize a high principle when he sees one or that he does not put a very high premium on the ones he does recognize.

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FOREIGN PRESS: Propaganda Pattern

THE RUSSIAN bi-weekly Moscow *News,* reviewing the latest production of the Lenin Young Communist League Theater of Moscow, gives eloquent if corny proof that the Russian stage has joined the fight against US ideologies.

The action of the play, "Governor of a Province," takes place in the Soviet zone of Germany, where "Soviet men, seeking to give the Germans a new lease on democratic life, are confronted with the resistance not only of the fascist survivals but of elements championing the interests of foreign imperialists . . . trying to prepare the Germans for a new war."

Hero of the opus is "capable, courageous, strong" Soviet Military Governor Colonel Kuzmin, who "wins the sympathies of people around him by his cordiality, simplicity, frankness and conviction in the righteousness of his cause." The background characters are "average Germans" who—in contrast to the villainous "dyed-in-the-wool Nazis"—are merely "narrow-minded . . . passive and thinking only of their own welfare." There is also the "good German": old Professor Dietrich, a scientist working on Zeiss patents, "straightforward and honest . . . but lacking clear-cut political views," who "traverses the difficult path from hostility to the Russians to an understanding that . . . they . . . are bringing to the German people humane ideals. . . ."

In this black-and-white type-casting —and keeping in mind that current Russian thinking, like Russian propaganda, deals in slogans and symbols —it is significant that the secondary hero of the play is an American: Colonel James Hill, a "charming, alert and clever" fellow. Hill is US Military Governor of the adjoining province until he is removed from his post for refusing to help an American lady spy steal Zeiss patents "at the dictates of Wall Street."

Hill's military career ends in a Dostoevsky-flavored soliloquy: "What is happening in this world, anyway? Why must Colonel James Hill, who went through the European campaign honorably with his tanks, go because of some fascists? Why are war plants being restored with such speed in our [the US] zone? Whom are we going to fight? From now on, I'll have enough time to think about all these things. . . ."

Reading the review, I was reminded of the huge billboards that the Red Army brought along to Germany, which blazoned the message: "Hitlers come and Hitlers go, but the German people live forever." Here was the pattern repeating itself. For now, while damning United States ideologies, Russian propaganda absolves from blame the individual American.

. . . Uber Alles. This may indicate something or other in national characteristics. For many months the Italian press has advocated the export of Italian manpower as a means of relieving unemployment. But in Germany, where millions of *Volksdeutsche* are crowded into constricted borders and unemployment is far worse than in Italy, the press denounces even the Fraulein who marries a GI to get out of Germany, or, for example, Thomas Mann because he prefers not to return to the country that disowned him, humiliated him and turned him out.

WEST DEUTSCHES "VOLKS ECHO"

The reverse side of the same medal is heroine Ursula Bauer, whose photograph sprawls over half of the front page of the Soviet-licensed Berlin weekly for women, *Für Dich.* Ursula, 23, a secretary earning 200 marks monthly, inherited (or so the story goes) $18.75 million from an aunt in America just before the war. During the war years she could not collect it. She could solve her problem now, *Für Dich* points out, if she married an American and came to the US. But Ursula's heart belongs to the fatherland: she loves a German student and —this is what makes her a heroine— wants her money only if she can spend it in Germany to build orphan asylums.

FÜR DICH

M Plan. Europe-wide Communist reaction to the alleged Cominform directive, "Protocol M," calling for nationwide German strikes to sabotage the Marshall Plan: it is a lie, a forgery, a shameless propaganda trick perpetrated on the world in the best Goebbels manner. The Italian CP organ *L'Unita* calls it "General Clay's Reichstag Fire"; Pierre Courtade, writing in *L' Humanité,* says Protocol M "will occupy a high place among historical counterfeits alongside the Protocol of the Elders of Zion"; and the West Deutsches *Volks Echo* cartoon tells the German story. Europe-wide rightists, with equal unanimity, consider the document authentic.

Iron Curtain? From Hungary, the country isolated out yonder behind the Iron Curtain, come interesting statistics. The non-partisan weekly, *Uj Magyarorszag,* lists the number of foreign journalists who visited Hungary in 1947: 25 Americans; 26 Britishers; 27 Czechs; 21 Belgians; 19 French; 20 Swiss; 7 Dutch; 14 Austrians; 12 Yugoslavs; 4 Bulgarians; plus a number of Russian, Polish, Norwegian and Swedish correspondents—not including foreign journalists stationed in Hungary permanently. EVA PUTNAM

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HENRY WALLACE'S COLUMN

Bi-Partisan and Bi-National

WITH THE DESPERATION of gamblers preparing to risk everything on one throw in a game where they do not know the odds, the top men in both parties in Britain, in alliance with the top men in both parties in the US, are now moving with feverish speed. They call for a showdown at once.

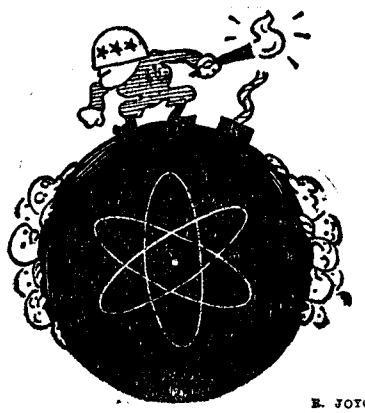
Churchill today is happy because he looks on the present situation as the result of the forces which he started at Fulton, Missouri, nearly two years ago. Foreign Secretary Bevin and the American State Department have now blessed his proposal for the political, economic and military union of Western Europe. He thinks that the bear hunt which he started nearly 30 years ago is going to be brought to a dramatic conclusion. For years he has worked on the dream of an Anglo-American alliance supplemented by an Anglo-French alliance and a Western European alliance. He believes in Atom Bomb Christianity administered by the Anglo-Saxons. The time has now come for Russia to be baptized, or else.

The last time Churchill thought he had the bear in a corner was in the late winter of 1919 when Bill Bullitt came back from Lenin with a proposal that would have given the Soviets a rather modest territory in central Russia. Churchill said, "No," and he and Lloyd George joined with Clemenceau in a project to overthrow the Soviets by force. Even Wilson concurred. They all thought they could kill off the hated new regime by supplying the White generals with arms and supplies. The fiasco finally ended with the Soviets having many times as much additional territory as Lenin would have been willing to accept, but which Churchill was unwilling to grant. Out of that situation originated the forces which led to World War II.

In the present carefully coördinated build-up, the first step was the release of the secret Hitler-Stalin pacts by the American State Department. Stalin, who had been willing to back up Czechoslovakia in 1938, finally reached the conclusion, as a result of the British-French performance at Munich, that both were more interested in stopping Russia than in stopping Hitler. In view of his past experience he could hardly have reached any other conclusion.

Very little that is new is revealed by the documents, but Russia's long known desire for access to warm-water ports is underlined. If Stalin were doing it all over again, in the light of his present knowledge of Hitler, France and England, he could hardly act differently than he did. His interest at all times was in remaining at peace and saving Russia.

After the State Department release went off like a penny firecracker, Bevin came forward with his proposal to unite all the countries from the Middle East and Africa north and west to Scandinavia. Referring to the Middle East, he said, "We have a long standing friendship with the Arab. I have repeatedly said to the United States and the Soviet Union that the Middle East is a vital factor to world peace and that, in addition, it is a lifeline for the British Commonwealth."



B. JOYCE

No mention is made of friendship for the Jews of the Middle East, but reference is made to a defense arrangement with the Iraq government. This is presumably aimed against Russia, but the query naturally arises as to whether Iraq, whose people are fanatic Jew-haters, will not use the British arms against the Jews in Palestine.

The day after Bevin's speech, Churchill and the State Department blessed it. From now on, at more and more frequent intervals, events of this sort will take place designed to make the American people and especially Congress eager to give Secretary Marshall and the Army and Navy every penny they ask for. Either that, or events and news are being created for the specific purpose of conditioning the Anglo-Saxon and Western European peoples to take the offensive at once in case Russia does not respond.

The most dangerous remark of all was Churchill's observation that the Western democracies should bring matters to a head at once. Naturally, the Administration Democrats would like to have things brought to a head continuously and repeatedly during the next 10 months. The only way they can possibly win with Truman is to have a war just around the corner. Recently a man high in Democratic councils said, "The new-party movement will disappear in two months because our foreign policy is going to jell."

One of my oldest and best left-wing Anglo-Saxon friends, living outside the US, recently wrote me with regard to the new party: "But what if, six months hence, you became convinced that communism, pursuing its own policy of imperialism, is aiming at the conquest of all non-Communist societies, including that of America? In those circumstances you would, of course, renounce your new-party movement and call upon the people of America—radical and reactionary alike—to get behind a national government

(*Continued on page 36*)

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DESTINATION PALESTINE

4,500 Jews were aboard the old Chesapeake Bay steamer, renamed Exodus; *the crew was American; the enemy was British*

by Ruth Gruber

ALMOST EVERY EVENING, the American crew of the ship got together in one of the cabins and talked about the battle which they were sure was coming. "One of us," somebody would say, "is going to get killed." During the last peaceful nights, after someone had again made the inevitable remark, another of the fellows in the crew spoke up and said, "It ought to be Ritzer. He was in the Marines. He still has lead in him from Guadalcanal. That would make a good story." Another voice disagreed. "No, it ought to be Bill Bernstein. He was an officer in the Navy. That would really be something."

Everybody looked at Bill, and there was a tight silence as the blond first mate hesitated. "I have a feeling," said Bernstein, "that it will be me."

* * *

The nightly sessions of Bill Bernstein and his shipmates took place not on the eve of the landing at Tarawa or Salerno, but in the middle of the Mediterranean on board the *Exodus,* the Haganah ship bound for Palestine. It was 1947, two years after the war with the Axis had ended. On board was not a load of battle-hardened Marines or GI's, but 4,500 Jewish men, women and children, setting sail in the hope of reaching their homeland.

For the Jews, flights to the Holy Land were not new. Moses had led the Exodus from Egypt in 1491 B. C. The Jews of the *Exodus 1947* were fleeing too. Their journey from Europe to Haifa, their battle at sea, their capture and imprisonment, their forced return to Germany became a modern exodus to a promised land—and back to slavery.

The captain of her crew was 24-year-old Bernie Marks, from Cincinnati. Thin and tense, he looked like a college basketball player. During the war, Bernie had served in the Merchant Marine. The first mate was Bill Bernstein, 23, from San Francisco, who at 18 had joined the Merchant Marine and after three years became an ensign in the Navy. Bill was the most popular boy in the crew.

Stanley Ritzer, ex-corporal of the First Marine Division, was the chief cook. He was 24, from Brooklyn, and was one of the few survivors of the battle of Bloody Ridge on Guadalcanal. The second mate, Cy Weinstein, from Brooklyn, had a game leg as a result of infantile paralysis. Cy, a big, tall, broad-shouldered lad, had studied painting in the Art Students' League in New York after he had finished serving in the Merchant Marine during the war. He was 22.

Another American was the student-preacher, John Stanley Grauel, 29, of Worcester, Massachusetts. He had gone as correspondent for the *Churchman* and was a member of the American Christian Palestine Committee. He also served as cook's helper.

All of the Americans had been indignant about the plight of the Jewish DP's and had signed up to help them get to Palestine. By January, 1947, they had assembled in Baltimore, where the old river boat had been outfitted for her ocean crossing. In late February, friends of the Haganah came down from New York, speeches were made, someone gave each crew member a sweater and some books, and the *Exodus 1947,* which had formerly been known as the *President Warfield,* set sail for Europe.

At sea, they ran into a hurricane which battered the ship so badly that the boys sent out an SOS. A US Coast Guard vessel escorted them back to America under their own steam. Once more they worked on the ship, and then set out again. They stopped in the Azores and heard the British had warned the Portuguese port authorities against selling the Americans fuel or water. Somehow the crew managed to get both, and they sailed on to an Italian port to be outfitted for their passengers. During the night, they found an Italian gunboat moored directly across their bow. They were convinced that the Italians would fire on them if they moved.

Marooned. They spent seven weeks in the port, four of them without shore leave. Each day Italian girls would row out to the river boat and tease the boys as they hung over the sides. The crew was sure the Italian girls were the most beautiful dames in the world. It was Bill Bernstein who saved them from going mad of boredom. Each night Bill put on a show. His favorite act was a take-off

One of the great stories of 1947 was the voyage of the Haganah ship Exodus 1947. *Under an American crew, the ship carried 4,500 Jewish refugees across the Mediterranean to Palestine. Ruth Gruber, well known magazine contributor, covered the story for the New York* Herald Tribune. *She was the only American correspondent to observe both the landing at Haifa and conditions aboard a British prison ship in southern France. For the first time in any national magazine, the complete* Exodus *story is told from on-the-spot observations and interviews with the passengers and crew. Two further instalments will describe the landing at Haifa and conditions aboard the* Runnymede Park, *one of the three British prison ships which carried the refugees back to southern France and Germany.*

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on Harpo Marx, using a floor mop for a wig.

Finally, in American fashion, the boys wrote a letter to the Italian government, saying they were Americans and, just to make an impression, putting down the name of every important person they could think of in the United States. It worked. The next night the gunboat moved just enough to let them slip through.

Full load. They sailed to France. In the Mediterranean port of Sète they loaded the passengers—4,500 people who had come from the DP camps of Germany; from Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Belgium, France and Italy, and even from Morocco. Their passengers were Jews who were determined to quit Europe and the memory of Hitlerism forever.

French officials came aboard and found their papers in order. According to the visas they carried, the 4,500 Jews were bound for Colombia. But Bevin knew differently, and in Paris he conferred with French Foreign Minister Bidault.

The Americans learned that the French intended to impound their ship the next day and had threatened to arrest any French pilot who helped the crew. It was that night or never. They offered a pilot bribes. He told them he would try to come; if he was not there by two a.m., then he would not come at all.

The boys sat up in the captain's cabin, drinking coffee and watching for the French pilot. Could they risk taking the ship out without a pilot and tugboats? At 1:30 a.m., Bernie Marks, the American captain, decided. He stripped to his underwear, jumped off the ship, swam through the dark water and unfastened all but one cable and one hawser. He returned to the ship. At three, when it was certain that the French pilot was not coming, the Americans raised anchor. They broke three fire axes trying to cut the steel cable aft.

The harbor at Sète was like a Sunday-newspaper puzzle. There were three parallel sea walls, a breakwater at right angles, and a narrow exit

to the sea. They had to get clear of the middle sea wall, twist their excursion boat, which suddenly seemed bigger than the *Queen Elizabeth,* around without running into the concrete wall at the left, and then make two more turns.

After almost smashing into the concrete, they wedged the stern against it and pushed the ship clear. Since it was then impossible to make the sharp left turn necessary to get through the exit, they had to go all the way down the right side of the sea wall and make another U-turn before heading straight into the channel. They ran aground twice on some sand reefs, and they were sure that all was over.

After four of the most up-and-down hours of their lives, they solved the puzzle, and with the sun high in the skies, steamed through the channel. The refugees had slept during the operation, curled up in lifeboats or in the narrow wooden bunks built like hutches inside the ship. The strange cries of the crew, "Sharp left," "Watch out for the reef," found them exhausted from the seven-hour truck ride to Sète the night before. While the Americans clumsily maneuvered around the sea walls, knowing that a slip could mean the sudden end of the *Exodus,* the sleepy refugees assumed this was the way Americans normally left a harbor.

Out in the Mediterranean waited an unwelcome escort: *HMS Mermaid,* a destroyer. More British ships, from Malta and other bases in the Mediterranean, joined the patrol later and relieved one another regularly. When the British destroyers came close, the Americans sang out "The Yanks Are Coming!" on the public-address system. "Pomp and Circumstance" was another hit, becoming the ship's commercial whenever a destroyer came alongside to check the *Exodus 1947's* speed and course.

Sometimes the British, running close, told the passengers by megaphone:

"We suspect you are going to Palestine. It is illegal. If you enter Palestine, we will have to board you and arrest you.

"Please do not put up any resistance. We have overwhelming forces here and in Palestine to accomplish our mission. If necessary, we will use

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force to board you, but we will have medical attention."

The Americans found that last line the funniest; a humanitarian *non sequitur*. The boys were also amused when the British said, "We have more forces at our disposal," as if the river boat might defeat the five destroyers and the British would have to bring up reserves. Sometimes on the ship itself, the answer was a strange noise, known in Greater New York as the Bronx cheer. But the British did not hear it. Only during the last two days did the crew decide to stop ignoring the British warnings. Then, with flags, they spelled two words, very simply, "Thank you." It seemed to them like neat American irony.

Life stories. During the voyage the American crew learned more of the meaning of the exodus. They talked to the Jews. There was Sima Gaster, a 26-year-old Polish girl, whose husband had been burned in Auschwitz. She had fought as a partisan with the Red Army. There was a wealthy German burgher with a big mustache who came up on deck every day in his undershirt, pants and suspenders. He shepherded his wife and four children around the deck as if he were taking the family for a Sunday walk. There was Schmuel, a small, scholarly man, whose wife expected a baby any day. She had refused to stay behind. "My baby should be born in Eretz," she said, "in the land of Israel."

One of the passengers told the Americans the story of a girl on another illegal ship, the Haganah ship *Hatikvah*. A British major had come on board after the British had captured the ship. He asked if anyone could speak English. He wanted to talk to someone in the captain's cabin. The people persuaded a tall, blond girl of 28 to go to him. She was reluctant, but went at last. The major spoke very politely. "Tell me, what port did you sail from?"

She said to the major, "We sailed from Berlin."

"You're making fun of me," the major said. "It's illegal for you to leave Berlin, and besides, Berlin is a landlocked city. How could you sail from Berlin?"

"Major, did you ever read the Bible? Do you remember the story of how Moses took the children of Israel out of Egypt? He took them across the Red Sea. Only the Jews could cross. Major, we sailed from Berlin."

The major was angry. "What is your name, young woman?"

She pointed to her arm, and read the numbers on it, "349821."

"What are you doing? I asked your name."

"I have no name. All these years I had numbers. I still have a number. Now I am going to Eretz, to the land where I shall live as a Jew and a human being. Then I shall have a name."

Miracle. The Americans found that their passengers considered themselves Jews of the miracle. They had climbed back onto earth out of the inferno which had trapped and burned six million. Because of the miracle of their being alive, they began to believe in a larger miracle. Maybe their wives were alive, their sons, their daughters, anyone, anyone who could link them to the past.

So they took their little pack of concentration-camp clothes and marched east out of Dachau and Bergen-Belsen, out of Buchenwald and Auschwitz. They came home to Lodz and Warsaw, to Pilsen and Bratislava, to the villages and the cities in which they had been born. But their wives were dead, their sons were dead, their daughters were dead, and it seemed to them the smell of blood was in the streets. They knew they could no longer live in the towns and the villages they had dreamed of, so they left and went west again, to Germany, to the deathland, because the Americans were there, and the Americans had big hearts, and maybe the Americans would help them go to Palestine.

And when they began to lose faith even in the Americans, when the quotas and the visas were never open, and the gates forever shut, they crawled out of the DP camps and went down to secret ports in Italy and France, and climbed on leaky fishing boats or the *Exodus 1947* to run the whole British blockade. Sometimes they escaped the

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British, and jumped off the ships and mingled with the Jews in Palestine who rushed to the shore to help them land. More often their ships were caught and they were sent to Cyprus. There they waited. In a year, maybe two years, maybe three or four years, they could get to Palestine legally. Every month the British gave 750 certificates to the Jews behind the barbed wire.

Bill Bernstein tried to explain in a letter to his mother why they had set out on such a voyage. "You ask me to settle down, go to school. That's all very fine, but one doesn't find happiness by continually telling himself he's happy. Don't you think I would like a nice wife and kids and a good job? Of course I would, but I can't do that now."

Comrades together. The Americans gradually began to feel like refugees themselves. "The time isn't far off when we'll redeem our honor," Bill wrote in a letter to his brother. "Perhaps you and I won't be around when it happens, but I can see it building all around me. The base of the pyramid is slow in building, but the pinnacle comes quickly. . . . This is it! After working, hiding and chasing all over Europe, we are finally on our way."

The boys talked to each other soberly. "I'm going to keep going back to Europe on these trips, so long as I can. I want to be there when the last DP is out of Germany."

Like few ships sailing the seven seas, the *Exodus 1947* dropped its barriers. The officers and the crew and the passengers sang songs, told stories and listened to news broadcasts in four languages. They ate the same food and shared the same drinks. In the evening, the musicians among them took out their accordions and mandolins and the people sang songs under the clear blue stars of the Mediterranean and dreamed of the land they had never seen.

One day Schmuel's wife gave birth to her child, and a few hours later she died. The Americans were the honor guard. Schmuel's wife lay in state for a few hours, with a *Mogen Dovid* spread over her. The *Mogen Dovid* is the flag of Zion with the Star of David in the center. One of the crew read the burial service.

"We are burying today," he said, "without marker, one more Jew to be added to the list of those millions who have died in recent years. We are reminded of the first exodus, when countless numbers of Jews also were buried in nameless graves. We go again to our land. If there can be any compensation for the death of this woman, it is that we here consecrate ourselves and gain courage for those tasks which are yet ahead. The way of *Aliyah Beth* [the Illegal Immigration] is a hard way. It is, we believe, the only way."

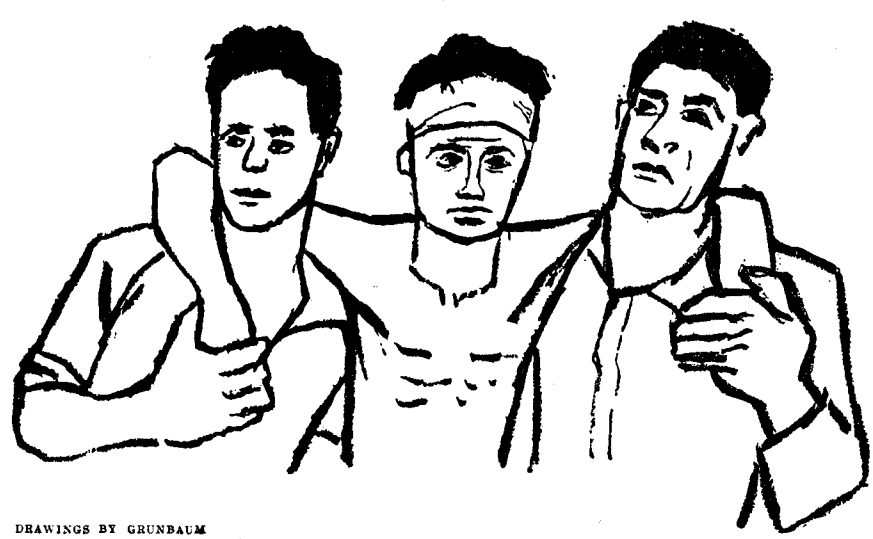
Everything happened at once. Before dawn, at two a.m., on Friday, July 18, the *Exodus 1947* was attacked. The ship was running east, heading for Gaza on the southern coast of Palestine. It was about 20 miles off the coast. The destroyers shouted to the *Exodus* not to fight or beach the ship. They said, "You are in territorial waters. Stop your ship. We are going to board you." They said it behind big searchlights—huge blue searchlights that blinded the passengers. The crew shouted it wasn't true; their charts showed that they were outside territorial waters.

Two destroyers came alongside and snapped the *Exodus 1947* between them. They caught her on a wave; the people swung in the air, the ship shook as though it would sink, then settled carefully back on the water. The din caused by the yelling and the ramming was like something out of Hell.

Bill Bernstein pulled the whistle cord and the whistle screamed. It woke everybody. Every light on the ship was switched on. The destroyers kept their blue spotlights on the ship, so every part of the battle could be seen. The searchlights lit up the two *Mogen Dovids,* flying high.

A hundred hands on the destroyers tossed strings of firecrackers at the *Exodus 1947*. The firecrackers sounded like machine-gun fire. They lit up the ship like incendiaries. A hundred more arms were raised in the searchlights and threw tear-gas bombs. The two things, the firecrackers and the tear gas, did just what artillery does on a battlefield before a charge. They scared the *Exodus 1947* people for a minute. The people fell back.

Boarded. Suddenly 18 sailors rushed down the drawbridge of the destroyer and leaped on the boat deck right outside the wheelhouse door. They wore hard leather shields around their left arms to ward off the people's blows. They were armed with pistols and clubs. The *Exodus 1947* passengers were armed with potatoes and tins of kosher canned beef. The British sailors emptied their pistols through the closed door of the wheelhouse. Then they dashed in, swinging their clubs. They hit Bill Bernstein on the left temple. Stanley Ritzer was able to



DRAWINGS BY GRUNBAUM

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get Bill over to the captain's berth.

They killed a DP orphan, a 16-year-old boy, Hirsch Yakubovich. His face was framed behind the wires of a big life raft, watching the sailors climb on the deck. A few inches from the boy on the other side of the raft, the sailor fired his gun into Hirsch's face.

The boys of 16 and 17, orphans mostly from the DP camps, were the real fighters. They kept beating off the British with no arms, with nothing but a store of canned food and potatoes and a few steam jets. They stayed up on the hurricane deck and the boat deck, making everyone else ashamed.

The destroyers kept ramming the *Exodus,* trying to land boarding parties. The people threw some of their life rafts down to prevent the sailors from coming aboard. They captured all the sailors except the six in the wheelhouse where Bill lay. They locked the captured sailors in staterooms. The sailors in the wheelhouse were prisoners too, but they controlled the rudder. They were steering a straight course for Haifa. The boys tried to retake the wheelhouse and failed. The sailors were armed.

Two of the *Exodus* boys went down to the steering engine. They disconnected the cable leading to the wheel. The ship was under the command of the crew again. They started to zigzag, which made it impossible for the British to land any more boarding parties. The destroyers rammed them, this time not to land more men but to disable the ship. They rammed the *Exodus 1947* amidships, trying to foul the steering gear. The only thing that kept the British from cutting the *Exodus* in half was the heavy fender that river boats in America use for protection when they crash against pilings. To save the ship, the Americans decided to ask for a truce. The British stopped ramming, and the crew of the *Exodus* was left in charge of the ship.

At about four in the afternoon, the *Exodus 1947* came slowly into Haifa Harbor. John Stanley Grauel, who came ashore, told the story of the battle to the newspaper people in Haifa. "I accuse the British," he told us. "I accuse the British of attacking us outside of territorial waters. I accuse the British of attacking an unarmed vessel on the high seas. I accuse the British of an act of piracy."

The British version of the boarding, in which they indirectly answered the charges of piracy, differed from the student-preacher's. Referring to the *Exodus 1947* by its former name, the *President Warfield,* the official government communiqué, issued July 19, 1947, read: "In order to remove any doubts which may have been raised by inaccurate broadcasts from the illegal immigrant ship *President Warfield,* the following facts are recorded:

"The *President Warfield* arrived in Palestinian waters early on the 18th July, carrying approximately 5,000 Jewish illegals. In order to avoid being boarded, she took violent evasive action which in the ensuing boarding operation resulted in damage to herself as well as to ships of the Royal Navy. Her sides had been planked up and barbed wire had been strung fore and aft. The boarding party met strong resistance backed up by tear smoke, fireworks, smoke bombs, steam jets and various missiles. She also dropped life rafts from a height on to the decks of the naval vessels.

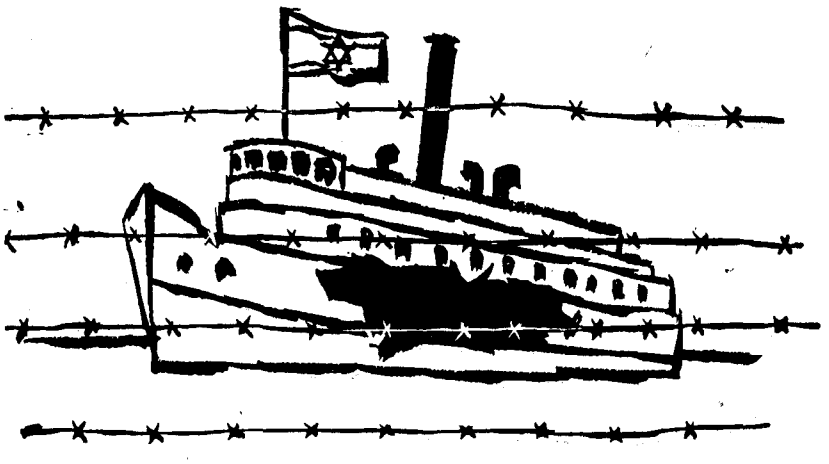
"One single shot and one burst of machine-gun fire were used by one of the naval ships against an immigrant who was threatening to decapitate one of the boarding party with an axe, and another who was about to use a rifle. The shot and the burst missed, but frightened the men, who dropped their weapons. No other fire was used by naval personnel. Some fifty naval personnel in all were used in the boarding party.

"The *President Warfield* entered Haifa Port under her own steam on the evening of the 18th. Two illegal immigrants were found to have died from fractured skulls, and a third has since died in hospital from the same cause. Twenty-seven others were admitted to Haifa hospital; some of these persons, though not all, were suffering from injuries received when the *President Warfield* was boarded. Three naval ratings were injured and admitted to hospital."

* * *

First mate Bill Bernstein died of the blow on the head he had received during the fight in the *Exodus 1947's* wheelhouse. Bernie Marks, Stanley Ritzer and Cy Weinstein, his American fellow officers, were let out of the Haifa military jail to be his pallbearers. The three Americans were still in their dirty clothes from the ship. They had washed, but hadn't shaved. They rode in a truck beside the bodies of Bill and the two other dead boys. Bill's body was in a sealed coffin, but the other two, DP's who had lived only long enough to be buried in Palestine, were wrapped in simple shrouds.

It was a hot summer day, and the bodies already had begun to smell. The Americans walked through the Haifa cemetery carrying the coffin. "I was awfully confused," Cy told me. "I was carrying Bill's body in Palestine. It didn't make sense." But back on the *Exodus 1947,* Bill had had the feeling that it would happen to him.



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KING OF THE LOBBYISTS

An unpublicized little man named Smith is paid $65,000 per year to help impose the will of the utilities on the country

by Robert S. Allen

SHORT, STOCKY, bustling Purcell L. Smith is king of the multitudinous and pervasive horde of Washington lobbyists. The $65,000 a year he receives from the National Association of Electric Companies is more than four times the pay of the Senators and Representatives he is hired to influence, and only $10,000 less than the salary of the President of the United States, whom Smith is currently busily endeavoring to thwart.

Smith's regal job is not dependent upon the whim of an indifferent electorate. His hard-boiled constituency knows exactly what it wants and pays him to deliver. He is delivering at the moment by trying to master-mind through Congress one of the slickest and boldest assaults on power controls in utility history.

This assault is trying to remove approximately 75 percent of the country's private power companies from the regulatory authority of the Federal Power Commission. That such a scheme is under way at all is a penetrating commentary on the present level of political morality in Washington, and on the character of the power industry.

As the late great Senator George Norris once observed during a bitter debate over the TVA, "The one thing I've learned in my long struggle with the power trust is that you can't regulate it. No matter what regulatory measures are set up, these insatiable interests sooner or later will either emasculate or destroy them. It's the nature of this beast. There's no restraint or moderation in it. Public ownership is the only lasting and effective method of control."

Robert S. Allen is the former co-editor, with Drew Pearson, of "Washington Merry-Go-Round," and the author of Our Fair City. He is now free-lancing in Washington.

Norris should have known what he was talking about. Throughout most of his long public career, he engaged in a never ending struggle to control "this beast." Today, Norris' Nebraska is the only state in which all power facilities are publicly owned.

Legislative "plant." The power lobby's Smith readily admits that he not only played a leading role in formulating the scheme to wreck federal controls (of course, he doesn't call it that), but also that it was he who "planted" the legislation with Representative William J. Miller (R, Conn.), who introduced it. Similarly, Smith makes no bones of the fact that he organized and is manipulating the high-pressure lobby that is endeavoring to ram this legislation through Congress. Smith is equally candid about his plans and expectations for this session.

With quiet assurance he predicts the Miller bills will be passed by Congress and then vetoed by President Truman. As to what happens after that, Smith smiles pleasantly and shrugs, "It all depends."

Smith's amiability and outward candor are no accident. By nature, he is friendly and good-natured, but there is a great deal more to it than that. Smith's geniality is as much an integral part of the power industry's *modus operandi* as it is of his character. His disarming openhandedness is a carefully conceived and earnestly nurtured stratagem.

Although the power trust's greed and gall remained unchanged, 12 years of New Deal cuffing did teach it one thing: that dissimulation, in the guise of good manners, is a lot more effective in dealing with the public than the rough and tough methods of earlier days.

The power trust learned this lesson the hard way.

In the roaring twenties, utility lobbying was crude and crass. Those were the days of the lush backroom parties, limitless expense accounts and innumerable hushed-up scandals. Legislators were plied with wine, women and money. Newspapers and newsmen were bought, teachers and college professors traduced, textbooks polluted with propaganda and critics mercilessly smeared as "reds" and "radicals." The industry's sinister and far-flung web of intrigue and control reached from the cradle to the White House.

Montana's late Senator Thomas J. Walsh, a renowned constitutional lawyer, finally succeeded in detonating the first charge under the trust's juggernaut.

Immune to whoopee. Walsh offered a resolution for a sweeping Senate probe of the power industry. A fierce battle ensued, with utility-controlled Senators of both parties violently opposing the proposal. Backing them, the industry flooded Washington with one of the greatest swarms of lobbyists it had ever seen.

But Walsh's resolution evoked tremendous popular support. So pronounced was this sentiment that the industry was unable to dragoon the votes needed to kill the investigation. Certain Senators became so scared that not even unbounded whoopee and pressure could line them up.

The industry concocted a neat subterfuge to save its hide. Its Senate spokesmen offered a "compromise" resolution to shunt the investigation to the Federal Trade Commission.

It was a slick trick. The FTC had never made such a probe; its powers and resources were limited; and, above

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all, Walsh and his justly feared inquisitorial talents would be eliminated. The trust again appeared to have won. Anti-utility forces were doleful.

An infamy exposed. Both sides miscalculated. Neither reckoned on the FTC's new Chief Counsel, the late Judge Robert E. Healy. A Vermont Republican, he was no liberal in the accepted sense of that word. If he had been, he'd never have gotten the job.

But Healy was an honest, decent, public-spirited American, who hated corruption and monopoly. Quietly but relentlessly, he went to work. Over a period of several years he exposed the power industry's machinations in all their sordid and vicious infamy. By the time Healy completed his historic investigation in the early thirties, private utilities were crowding the list as Public Enemy No. 1.

The utilities themselves, however, remained unregenerate. When the New Deal in 1933-34 brought out its famed "death-sentence" holding-company bill, the industry again stormed Washington with a goon lobby.

Headed by Philip H. Gadsden, the lobby set up headquarters in the Mayflower Hotel and, apparently with unlimited funds, went to work on Congress, the press and the public. Assisting Gadsden in the propaganda sphere was Stephen M. Walter, a talented and aggressive publicity man who had done much to build up the late Wendell Willkie, then head of Commonwealth and Southern, as the "front man" for the industry. Walter's press-agenting of Willkie's fight against the TVA made the Indianian a national figure.

Again the industry's crudeness backfired.

A deluge of faked and lobby-inspired telegrams pulled the trigger and led to another investigation, this time by the Senate itself. Senator Hugo L. Black, now a Justice of the Supreme Court, demanded the probe and the Senate approved it forthwith by a voice vote. The Alabamian was as great an investigator as Walsh had been. Within a few months, the Gadsden lobby was dead.

The lobby's requiem was sounded by the enactment of the holding-company bill.

New tricks. Apparently this bruising did teach the industry something. Throughout the remainder of the New Deal, it avoided Washington and confined its vendetta to the courts—where it had equally little success. The holding-company act is still intact on the statute books.

But once Roosevelt was out of the picture, the power industry lost no time in returning to the Capital.

In July, 1945, exactly three months after FDR was laid to rest and as World War II was drawing to an end, a new lobby was organized. This one is as well heeled, aggressive and powerful as its malodorous predecessors. But its trappings have undergone a marked change.

In name and furbishings, this new lobby is in keeping with the times—suave, sonorous and beguiling. "Percy" (as he is known to intimates) Smith is an important part of this plastic surgery.

As king of Washington lobbyists, Smith disdainfully eschews such unkingly antics as buttonholing, back-slapping, office-hounding, whoopeeing, etc. He leaves such activities to lesser lights: local utility executives and the like, who are brought to Washington for this purpose. Smith doesn't even entertain much. He drinks little, and gives and goes to parties rarely.

Smith confines his $65,000-a-year services to master-minding. He is the SHAEF of the power lobby. He mobilizes it, plants its bills and directs its operations and propaganda. He likes to compare himself to a football coach.

"I plan the strategy and direct the moves," he explains, "but it is our company executives who carry the ball."

They do, indeed, as the record of the

DRAWINGS BY HERSHFIELD

THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE IS "PERCY" SMITH

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last session demonstrates very conclusively. The Miller and other equally vicious utility bills very nearly got by in the House without public attention.

Under Smith's deft behind-the-scenes handling, the local power moguls infiltrate into Washington, lobby their congressmen and any others they think they can influence, and then as quietly depart. It is not uncommon for a score of such "witnesses" to be testifying before three or four congressional committees at the same time.

Before they say their pieces, all are carefully briefed, and their statements are either prepared or edited. Once, Smith flew all the way to Oklahoma for an advance meeting with a group of witnesses he had arranged for an important committee hearing. And before each of these lobby henchmen leaves Washington, Smith gets a personal fill-in from him on his private talks with Senators and Representatives.

This technique serves a triple function. It keeps down the number of utility men in the Capital at any one time; it neatly nose-thumbs the lobbyist-registration law; and it enables Smith to keep out of the limelight.

Jack of all trades. That's exactly the way Smith wants it, for the role he considers his to be. This role covers a wide range of activity. In addition to stage-managing hearings, handling propaganda and drafting and planting power bills (all designed either to thwart public-power development, grab off more natural resources, reduce power taxes or wreck government controls), Smith also is the industry's Washington outpost.

During the last session, Smith sent out detailed reports on more than 300 bills "of interest to the public-utilities industry." These ranged from a measure giving the Virginia Electric and Power Company perpetual use of two strips of land in the Norfolk Navy Yard to the labor and tax-reduction bills. Next to waging relentless war against public power, Smith's major passion is tax cutting.

"We believe," he declares, "that there has been too much tax discrimination and too much government competition against privately owned companies."

The big offensive. In the propaganda field, Smith is ably assisted by an old hand—the same Stephen M. Walter mentioned above. He is the only link with the power lobby's shady past. Short, squat and ebullient, Walter is still inclined to use the hoopla methods of the Gadsden committee. But he is learning the new ways under Smith's astute guidance.

Walter spends a lot of time on Capitol Hill and in the National Press Club, buttonholing, gossiping, picking up useful bits of information, steering witnesses and filling the *Congressional Record* with the industry's views. For these ubiquitous services he draws $49,968 a year. The money is actually paid by 14 individual utility companies, but Walter will probably give all his time to Smith soon. Then the lobby's all-out offensive to hammer through Congress the bills it sponsored last session will start.

These bills are of various types and wear varying camouflages; all are designed to reduce the government's power over, and competition with, private utilities. The House action last month that removed from the Interior Department the authority to initiate reclamation projects and denied the department the power to use revenues derived from power projects to help pay irrigation costs was typical of the utility-inspired sniping at power regulation that is now going on.

In this case, known utility spokesmen so emasculated a bill that most of the big Western public-power projects were made economically unfeasible. It was an out-and-out power steal, and could hardly have been developed without the planning and pressure of Smith's lobby.

Impatient moguls. Riding herd on Congress is by no means Smith's only problem. One of his biggest headaches is keeping his own utility cohorts within bounds. Some of the old-timers, particularly, are inclined to be impatient with discretion. They can't get away from the old habits of slug 'em and buy 'em.

One of these self-important moguls is C. Hamilton Moses, president of the Arkansas Power and Light Company. Moses once boiled into Washington and sent an aide poking around congressional offices asking women secretaries and assistants their stocking sizes. But the prized nylons were never delivered. Before they could even be bought, Drew Pearson got wind of the affair and exposed it in the syndicated "Washington Merry-Go-Round" column.

Privately, Smith was not unhappy over the incident. It gave weighted point to his oft-repeated admonition that the industry must operate "above reproach."

Propaganda? Another utility critic was E. H. Werner of the Jersey Central Power and Light Company. "I do not think your efforts on behalf of the industry on a number of bills are to be criticized," he wrote Smith. "I do believe, however, that we have been too active on too many bills in too short a period of time, thereby focusing the attention of critics on our activities."

Smith stood his ground. He shot back a letter vigorously defending his course and placing the blame for the outcries on biased reporters and equally unfriendly federal officials.

"These columns were obviously public-power-inspired propaganda," Smith wrote, "for not a single one of them attempted to treat both sides of the issue. . . . Each was more cleverly written than it was honest. . . . While there is no exact measure of the extent to which such columns hurt the electric-power industry or where they hurt the most, it is certain they do us no good. For that reason, we are giving considerable thought to the problem of answering them. . . .

"Speaking very frankly, we haven't as yet decided upon the procedure to be followed in meeting these attacks. They must be met, that we know. But we also know that we cannot afford to make a mistake as to how it is to be done. We further realize that it is a decision that cannot be put off, for we

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will have to have the answer by January 1 of next year."

For some of the reporters and columnists, the decision was not delayed. They were talked to. The fist was gloved, but it was there. And in one case Smith's concern about making mistakes was well founded. The would-be utility whipcracker had his ears pinned back very brusquely.

Among the ace Washington newsmen castigated by Smith were the Alsop brothers of the New York *Herald Tribune* syndicate; Lowell Mellett, former Scripps-Howard editor; Tom Stokes of the United Features Syndicate; Ruth Finney, utility expert of the Scripps-Howard newspapers; Pearson; and Edward A. Harris, Pulitzer prizeman of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

Smith had good reason to feel irate at the correspondents. Had it not been for their knowing eyes, the industry's scheme to riddle federal power controls would have escaped public notice. This little group of experienced newsmen dangerously rocked the boat on at least $1 million worth of zealous utility planning, lobbying and organizing.

Self-made lobbyist. Smith, now 54, has worked long and hard to arrive at his $65,000-a-year eminence. Born in Chicago, he is self-educated and self-made. His father disappeared before he was 10. Smith quit school in the eighth grade to help support his mother; it is his proud boast that by 15 he was self-supporting.

Smith got his first business experience peddling eggs and bakery goods for his mother. He soon realized his education was inadequate, and supplemented his practical experience by enrolling in the Armour Institute night school and taking correspondence courses from the University of Chicago in business principles.

Smith got into the utility field early, and by 1923 had risen to vice-president and treasurer of the North American Light and Power Company. During the depression, Smith spent an interlude in New York as an investment banker. Then, in 1934, he returned to Chicago as vice-president in charge of finances of the Commonwealth Edison Company. In the next ten years he held various utility positions, salvaged part of the Insull empire, and rose to the presidency of the Middle West Corporation. He relinquished this job to become lobby boss for the National Association of Electric Companies.

Smith is sensitive about his connection with the notorious Insulls. He claims it was due only to the fact that he happened to be an official of North American when the Insull brothers, Sam and Martin, bought 40 percent of the company's stock.

Incriminating article. But Federal Trade Commission files tell a somewhat different story. According to these records, Smith took part in the reorganization of North American that brought the Insulls into the company. Further, he was treasurer of the utility under the Insulls for three years. Also, Senate records reveal a $1,500 check signed by Smith, as North American treasurer, to a newspaper. The check was in payment for an unsigned page in the paper furiously denouncing governmental interference in business. The article appeared, coincidentally, on the eve of a utility investigation.

Buoyant and jovial, Smith is a bundle of energy. He sings while shaving, bounds up steps two at a time, works late hours, and talks animatedly and freely. He dresses well but quietly, and his wavy black hair, streaked with gray, is always carefully combed. His employees are enthusiastic about Smith; they say he is never petty or ill tempered. He is a heavy cigar-smoker, squashing the butts in a bowl-sized ashtray.

Of his $65,000 salary, Smith gives $8,000 for the support of his estranged wife and three children. He lives in the exclusive but frowsy Metropolitan Club, and relaxes at golf and swimming. As befits the king of the lobbyists, he is a member of the imperial Burning Tree Golf Club, whose select roster is limited to millionaires and the "right kind" of Senators, Representatives and cabinet members.

What little entertaining Smith does is confined to business associates and congressional intimates. Among these are Oklahoma's tall, florid Senator Elmer Thomas, leading power spokesman in the upper chamber; Senator C. Wayland Brooks of Illinois, another dependable utility advocate; and Representatives Everett Dirksen and Ralph Church of Illinois, Frederick Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania and W. F. Norrell of Arkansas. All but Thomas and Norrell are Republicans, Smith's favorite brand of politics.

Smith's plush-carpeted and air-conditioned Washington office is adorned with several oil paintings; he sits at a huge desk which seems to dwarf him. His staff consists of three men assistants and two women secretaries.

When he first set up shop, his right-hand man was Ted Crosby, brother of the mellifluous Bing.

Smith also has utilized the services of two New York University professors, Herbert B. Dorau and J. Rhoads Foster. They were hired by the NAEC to prepare a $75,000 study of "taxation of electric utility" which Smith presented to the House Ways and Means Committee during its hearings last session on the income-tax-reduction bill.

Safe predictions. Smith is now planning another study. At the last NAEC directors' meeting he proposed a survey of government power projects to "provide basic material for use by witnesses and in the preparation of statements for presentation before committees of the Congress and elsewhere."

It can be safely predicted this study will give no comfort to public-power enthusiasts.

It can also be predicted with equal certainty that the power lobby's regulation-wrecking bills will be one of the hottest issues of this session of Congress; that more will be heard from Smith and his cohorts about columnists' misrepresentation; and that a determined, but probably futile, effort will be made to initiate another utility investigation.

Also, it's an even-money bet that Smith will complain about this article.

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MOSLEY MAKES A COMEBACK

In England, hate and anti-Semitism are heard once more as Oswald Mosley directs his followers from a London "brown house" **by Walter Grunfeld**

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, I stood on a street corner in London and watched people give the Fascist salute, heard them sing Nazi songs and shout anti-Jewish slogans. Oswald Mosley's British fascists were back in the political arena. The black shirts and shiny leather belts were absent, but all the other trappings were there.

The Mosley movement today is scarcely different from its prewar model. It boasts the same anti-Semitism, the same violent, anti-alien chauvinism and the same dream of a one-party totalitarian state blindly following its "leader."

Eight years ago, Mosley's British Union of Fascists had reached its peak of power. It then had a well knit membership of 25,000, of which about 5,000 were the active and strongly disciplined "storm troops." This number did not include such associated organizations as the Imperial Fascist League, the Nordic League, the Anglo-German Fellowship and the National-Socialist League.

The BUF owned its own printing plants, published a weekly newspaper, *Action*, and its black-shirted members were able to terrorize whole districts in the poorer sections of London, particularly in the Jewish quarter of the East End.

Organized fascism and anti-Semitism disappeared from the English scene during World War II. Anti-communism did not find sympathetic response from a nation admiring the tenacity of the Red Army. Anti-Semitism was not popular with a people fighting for its life against the Jew-hating Nazis. Mosley's leaders were jailed. The offices of his organizations were closed and his membership was scattered into the armed forces or war jobs. But today eight fascist organizations are active in Britain. These are:

British League of Ex-Service Men and Women
Northwest Task Group
Gentile and Christian Front
Union for British Freedom
Mosley Publications, Ltd.
Workers' Action Party
Union Movement
Mosley Book Clubs, Ltd.

(Mosley's Union Movement, the most important of the eight, has a membership of about 5,000.)

Repeat performance. What is the explanation of this resurgence of a hate movement in postwar England? How has Mosley made his comeback from jail, retirement to seclusion in a country house in 1946 (the outraged villagers tried to have him thrown out of the parish at the time) to lead an active and growing political group on the extreme Right?

Since the eighteenth century, English governments traditionally have been tolerant toward persecuted minorities. Britain was known throughout Europe as a haven of tolerance for refugees of all kinds. But English history also has demonstrated that whenever the tight little island is confronted with an economic or international emergency, Englishmen invariably draw more closely together and view outsiders with suspicion. In time of economic stress, there is often a subconscious (and rarely expressed) feeling that the little bread which is to be had should be reserved for British mouths.

Also, during the dark days of the fall of France, Britain was swept by a sudden almost hysterical wave of anti-alien feeling. Hundreds of friendly and innocent aliens were rounded up in camps or deported to the Dominions. But as the immediate danger lessened, the innate sense of balance of the English reasserted itself and the hysteria subsided.

As the war went on and more and more "foreigners" were engulfed by the wave of Nazi persecution, many ordinary English people learned to think of Poles, Russians, Greeks and Jews as human beings suffering under a common yoke. Tales of slave labor, shooting of hostages, gas chambers—all these had a profound effect on British attitudes.

Thrives on trouble. Much of this sympathy still survives. But the average Englishman's postwar attitude has been colored by the "cold war" and England's hard struggle for economic survival. The housing shortage is acute. Aliens have competed for what few houses there are, giving rise to resentment and anti-Semitism. With growing insecurity toward the Soviet Union and its policies, the Englishman in the pub has more and more been inclined to write off people living behind the iron curtain as a "bad job." The terrorism in Palestine, the high point of which was the hanging of two British sergeants, gave rise to resentment against Jews in general. All this furnished fertile ground for Oswald Mosley and his followers.

Today, Mosley, the 51-year-old holder of a baronetcy dating back to 1781, has gradually brought the dispersed elements of his former party together. He owns a large house in the Pimlico district of London, a stone's throw away from Buckingham Palace, which serves as his home and the nerve center of the new fascist movement. The five-story brownstone house was bought from a Jew, and is kept under observation by plain-clothes detectives from Scotland Yard's special political branch.

The propaganda groundwork for British fascism is laid by the Mosley Book Clubs, which are now operating all over the country. In one London district alone there are more than 25 such clubs. Members are taught how

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Walter Grunfeld, formerly with Reuter's news agency and various English provincial newspapers, recently arrived from England after investigating the Mosley movement.

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LONDON DAILY MIRROR

to spread propaganda, run meetings, sway crowds with emotional speeches and sell Mosley literature. Any person who shows interest by buying a Mosley publication is pressured to become an active member.

Among the discontented, the anti-Russians, the economically insecure and the bitter and disillusioned, the Mosley "activists" make their impact felt. The main activities at present take the form of:

¶ Open-air meetings. Day after day, different groups go out into the working-class districts and hold street-corner meetings. The crowds are quite often hostile. The police look on and interfere only if the party gets too rough.

¶ Whispering campaigns. Experience has taught that rumors and slogans spread by word of mouth are one of the most dangerous weapons in propaganda. Bars are the favorite place to start a whispering campaign.

Favorite "whisper" put around for anti-Semitic purposes is that so-and-so, a Jew, owns a "sweatshop" down the street where he forces non-Jewish girls to serve in an adjacent brothel on pain of dismissal. No slander is too low to smear Jews.

¶ The "sticky-back." This is a square or round label about three inches long, strongly glued at the back, which a man can carry in the palm of his hand and unobtrusively paste in subway cars, walls, buses and on lamp posts. Slogans are: "Britain First"; "Britain for the British"; "Wake Up, Britain!" (echo of Hitler's *"Deutschland Erwache!"*); "Out with Alien Scum." The cumulative propaganda value of these thousands of little posters is considerable.

¶ Wall slogans. The large number of semi-ruined walls in London's poorer districts are easy targets for the man with the whitewash brush. Washing such slogans off a brick wall is extremely difficult.

Other methods. The fascist bodies also use the conventional leaflet method. These are strewn in the road, left on seats in railroad cars, and pushed into private mailboxes. Factories receive these leaflets in hundreds, but managements generally refuse to have them distributed to workers.

There have been comparatively few indoor meetings held by Mosley's groups, and these that were not secret generally ended in riots. Most proprietors of meeting halls have refused to rent their places to Mosley's followers, but sometimes they are fooled by assumed names.

When Mosley held his first postwar rally in the Albert Memorial Hall, not far from St. Paul's Cathedral, windows were smashed and it took nearly a hundred police to hold back the hostile crowd which tried to break up the meeting. Most of the important fascist meetings are held in secret, for members only.

At one of these meetings I saw 75 men and women stand and give the Nazi salute when Mosley entered the room. At some meetings, the right spirit is engendered by singing the Nazi "Horst Wessel" song, once the battle cry of the Brownshirt movement. Another song popular at these meetings runs like this:

> Scum of the earth, all Jewish born
> Marching through Whitechapel
> Laughing us to scorn.
> We will show one great day
> Who we really are
> For we are the Boys of the BUF
> Who made old Britain's name.

Leading figure among the key men Mosley has managed to group together is Edward Jeffrey Hamm, 32-year-old chief of the British League of Ex-Service Men and Women. Formerly a minor official in the British Union of Fascists, he went to prison with Mosley under the Defense Regulations. When released he served for three years in a tank regiment.

Second on the list is Alec Raven-Thomson, director of policy of the British Union of Fascists before the war, who acts as liaison officer between Mosley and the affiliated fascist organizations. A persuasive speaker, he addresses scores of Mosley meetings, and is the author of a booklet called "The Corporate State" outlining a new economic policy for Britain on fascist lines.

Strangest figure around Mosley is John Gaster, discharged from the army on medical grounds, who leads the organization calling itself the North-west Task Group. Centered in north-west London (where many richer Jews live), the Group's membership card states that its object is to "operate against the forces of Jewry in the life of Britain and oppose the participation of any Jew in British public life."

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Aspiring members are also told: "The forces of Jewry are Financial, Democratic, Masonic, Communist and Occult. In England, Masonic Finance Democracy rules for the Jew. Therefore members of the TASK-GROUP are distinguished by their hatred and contempt for democracy. He who fights with the Jew fights with the Devil."

The Task Group is the "commando" squad of Mosley's movement. Its members plaster whole rows of houses with "sticky-backs" bearing anti-Jewish slogans such as "Jews must go" and "War on Jews." Gaster's minions are believed to number about 50. They recently came into the news with attacks on synagogues, where they tried to burn the Holy Scrolls and destroy prayer books. In the Edgware and Burnt Oak districts of northwest London, Jewish veterans have found it necessary to mount 24-hour guard on synagogues.

The chief strongholds of Mosley's activity are London, Manchester and Liverpool. In all these places, his henchmen choose working-class districts containing Jewish families. Preaching to underfed people who lead drab existences in postwar Britain, Mosley agitators find an audience for propaganda which makes the Jew the scapegoat for economic and social evils. Julius Streicher's pattern in Germany is easy to follow.

But if some of the more ignorant sections of the British workers are influenced, other sections are fighting back strongly.

Anti-Mosleyites. Communist Party members are undoubtedly in the forefront of the battle against the new fascism, but a careful analysis of hundreds of fascist meetings shows that honest non-political British workers are also reacting violently against the new hate campaign.

Chief storm center in London is Ridley Road, garbage-strewn market street in the district of Hackney, which borders on the Jewish quarter in Whitechapel. Mosley's men have deliberately concentrated on this place in order to exploit what petty antagonisms there may be between Jews and non-Jews.

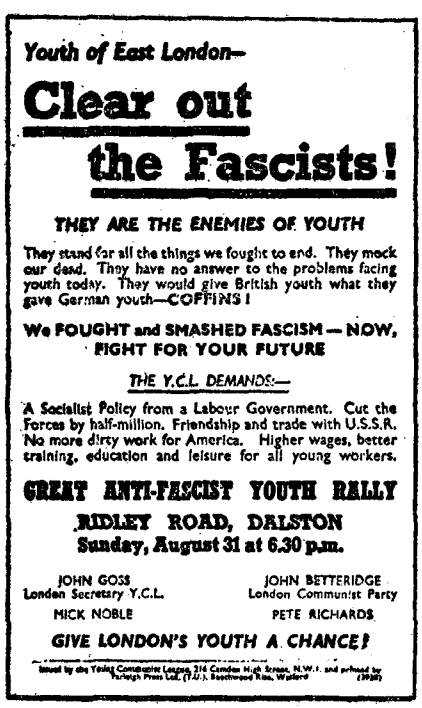
Until recently every fascist meeting was broken up by crowds shouting "Down with Fascism" and "Get the Rats Out of Here." Men in uniform, having no political affiliations, have tried to pull speakers off their platforms. In the last month or so, audiences at Ridley Road meetings have consisted mainly of Mosley's own supporters and a handful of curious bystanders.

What is the government doing about the rebirth of the fascist movement in England? So far, comparatively nothing. A deputation from the Board of Deputies of British Jews received assurance from the Home Secretary that fascist activities are being "carefully watched." On that occasion, the Home Secretary told the deputation that he was not aware of any evidence of a general increase in anti-Semitic activities in the country as a whole. Recent activities of certain organizations in the East End of London had been watched, and as a result criminal proceedings were taken.

The deputation also expressed the anxiety of the Jewish community at the abuse of free speech and suggested that new legislation was required to protect communities against libel and slander. The Home Secretary replied that he was charged with the duty of maintaining freedom of speech. Equally he had to see that appropriate action was taken to deal with flagrant abuse of that freedom.

When I left England a few weeks ago there already were signs that the emotional focus of many British people was changing. If, in the coming months, the world sees the spectacle of Palestinian Jews doggedly holding out against massed Arab attacks to protect their new homeland, British sympathy probably will veer to the Jews. The man-in-the-street has a soft spot for the "underdog," respects bravery and venerates fair play.

However, allied with Mosley are the economic grimness of England's postwar drab living standard and the national tensions and fears heightened by the "cold war" with Russia. Mosley has promised that in the coming year his Union Movement will launch out into a full-fledged political campaign and will fight elections for seats in Parliament. Whatever success he achieves will be despite the bitter opposition of the active anti-fascist forces. If Mosley fails, it will be because Britain has emerged from the emotional insecurity of the uneasy postwar months into a period more truly approximating stability and peace.


Youth of East London—
Clear out the Fascists!
THEY ARE THE ENEMIES OF YOUTH
They stand for all the things we fought to end. They mock our dead. They have no answer to the problems facing youth today. They would give British youth what they gave German youth—COFFINS!
We FOUGHT and SMASHED FASCISM—NOW, FIGHT FOR YOUR FUTURE
THE Y.C.L. DEMANDS:—
A Socialist Policy from a Labour Government. Cut the Forces by half-million. Friendship and trade with U.S.S.R. No more dirty work for America. Higher wages, better training, education and leisure for all young workers.
GREAT ANTI-FASCIST YOUTH RALLY
RIDLEY ROAD, DALSTON
Sunday, August 31 at 6.30 p.m.
JOHN GOSS London Secretary Y.C.L.
JOHN BETTERIDGE London Communist Party
MICK NOBLE
PETE RICHARDS
GIVE LONDON'S YOUTH A CHANCE!

COMMUNIST PAMPHLET IN THE FIGHT . . .

STOP—
The Palestine Outrages
BRITISH LEAGUE demands that the Government:
● HANG ALL TERRORISTS.
● STOP ALL IMMIGRATION.
● Impose collective fines on Jewish communities guilty of shielding the Murderers of British lads.
British Lads are being murdered while POLITICIANS CHATTER
Join the BRITISH LEAGUE and
Demand Action Now

. . . AGAINST MOSLEY'S HATE CAMPAIGN

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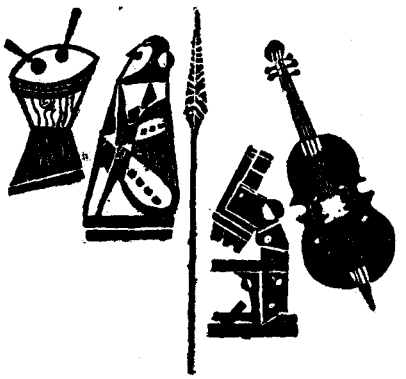
BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND

by James R. Newman



IT HAS BEEN a long time since there has appeared in the social sciences a work of such extraordinary merit and wide general interest as Alfred C. Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* (W. B. Saunders; $6.50).

Few studies evince so thorough and convincing a mastery of their subject, an impression forced on the reader no less by the massive factual foundations on which the Kinsey report is reared than by the evident insight, skill, sincerity and fearless rationalism of its authors. Whatever doubts may arise as to the validity of certain of its methods, statistical techniques, findings and conclusions, there is no doubt that this is an achievement fulfilling the highest function of science: to provide significant truths in the service of man.

By this time nearly everyone, I am sure, has heard or read of the Kinsey report. (Actually the study was made by Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin, but for brevity's sake I refer in this review only to the senior author.) But much of what has appeared is in the nature of a disservice to the cause of creating a more mature understanding of the problems of sex, to which Kinsey and his colleagues already have devoted nine years and to which they plan to contribute at least 20 additional years of intensive effort. The general opinion—that Kinsey has assembled what is essentially a statistical catalogue of astounding facts and oddities regarding male sex habits—is an unfortunate distortion of the meaning and significance of the report, a misreading of its purpose and a hindrance to its aims. It is important to make clear what Kinsey set out to accomplish.

The scope. From the beginning of his gigantic project (this is only the first of a dozen volumes), Kinsey has had one objective: to study all aspects of human sexual behavior without "preconception of what is rare or what is common, what is moral or socially significant, or what is normal and what is abnormal." The report makes no social or moral judgments and offers no advice except that its findings be given a fair hearing. Kinsey is convinced, and many will share his conviction, that his is the first accurate, balanced, dependable description of the sexual behavior of white American males in the twentieth century. The report does not describe the behavior of Europeans, of Negroes, of men of a different century or of those living in a social or religious environment differing from ours. Indeed, Kinsey repeatedly warns that his findings may not be validly generalized beyond the classes and conditions represented in his sample.

The scope of this volume is described in the phrase "a taxonomic [*i. e.*, classifying] study of the frequencies of sources and sexual outlets among American males." (Let me emphasize that for a book of this kind the jargon frequency is agreeably low; the style is lucid, unpretentious, witty and ironical—in a field where the decorous use of wit and irony demands considerable skill—and remarkably free of what V. S. Pritchett calls "technical coagulations.") Noted for his researches on the habits of the gall wasp, Kinsey has studied the sex behavior of the American male as though the American male, too, were a gall wasp. He has conducted his inquiries with a clear, sympathetic but unsentimental curiosity of the kind found only among children and good scientists.

The findings must prove immensely useful to specialists in various fields, including medicine, psychiatry, biology, human physiology, psychology, sociology, education, law and government administration. As Kinsey says modestly, he has "exposed" problems of deep interest to all these groups. But by limiting the scope of his project, by refraining from expressing collateral judgments, by refusing to make the very generalizations which have been ascribed to him, he has minimized—in an area where beliefs are held with a fierceness born of traditional prejudice, ignorance, confusion and taboo—the opportunity for challenging his findings on the ground of his own social, religious or moral preconceptions.

Class and sex. Much has appeared elsewhere on Kinsey's findings with respect to the incidence and frequency of sexual activities, such as marital, pre- and extra-marital intercourse, homosexual practices, masturbation, petting, animal contacts and so on. These data are of absorbing interest in themselves —and would be so even if they were not completely at variance with common opinion. For purposes of illustration, however, a more persuasive epitome of Kinsey's methods and conclusions may be found among the major statistical correlations of the report. The chapter on the relation between social level and sexual outlet (outlet = any sexual activity resulting in orgasm) deserves first attention. I will attempt a summary of Kinsey's findings in this significant area.

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¶ No general statement about the behavior of the American white male, as a class, is particularly revealing or useful. "There is no American pattern of sexual behavior, but scores of patterns each of which is confined to a particular segment of our society."

¶ For the purposes of this study, correlations and statistical breakdowns have been made for a number of factors; social level in particular has been measured by three "criteria": (1) educational level attained at termination of formal education; (2) occupational class; (3) occupational class of the person's parents.

The educational levels divide into three categories of duration: 0-8 years; 9-12 years; 13-plus years. Occupational class is broken into nine categories, ranging from laborers, skilled and unskilled, through professional men to the extremely wealthy. (Kinsey says his spectrum runs from "ne'er-do-wells to the Social Register," which may involve occasional circularity.) While the terms "upper" and "lower" social level are sometimes ambiguously used, I take it, in general, that "upper level" refers to persons with educational attainments of 13-plus (*i. e.,* at least one year of college), *or* to those in occupational class 7 (professional) or higher.

¶ Kinsey shows no rosy embarrassment in the presence of the terms "upper class" and "lower class." "Social levels are hierarchies which are not supposed to exist in a democratic society, and many people would, therefore, deny their existence." But the fact is that "most persons do not in actuality move freely with those who belong to other levels"; social stratifications are real, and the various groups differ markedly in social custom and in many other areas of practice and belief. A gentleman jockey may, to be sure, not be a gentleman, but there are criteria, even beyond the economic, to distinguish him from a hard-working pickpocket.

¶ The justification for differentiating by social level is strikingly demonstrated by the differences in sexual mores among the several groups. Differences in style of clothing, food habits, table manners, social courtesies, vocabulary and so on are widely recognized, but Kinsey's findings of marked differences in sexual behavior comes, I think, as a surprise and is, in any case, a major contribution to a fresh appraisal of social problems related to sex.

¶ In total sexual outlet, boys who will stop their education somewhere in grade school will average 20 to 30-percent higher frequencies (number of orgasms per week) than boys who will ultimately go to college. Presumably these differences cannot be ascribed to formal schooling—since the same grade school holds both groups; thus either social or biologic factors, or both, may be responsible for these differing patterns of behavior.

¶ Remark now one of Kinsey's most startling conclusions. The sexual behavior already discernible in grade school (and certainly fixed by age 16) in terms of both incidence (percentage of any particular group having experience with a particular outlet) and frequency of outlet is that which is usually adhered to with remarkable tenacity *for the balance of the person's life.* "The social-level picture for total outlet among married males is quite the same as for single males. The married males who have the highest total outlet are those who went into high school and not beyond. . . . What is true of populations in their teens usually holds true for those same populations at later ages, throughout the life span."

¶ In the occupational classification the highest total outlet is among semi-skilled laborers, and the next highest in the professional group. It is important here, as will appear immediately, to distinguish between total outlet and frequencies of particular outlets.

¶ The highest incidence and the highest frequencies of masturbation among all single males, at all age levels, are on the college level. In the grade-school group of married males only one to three percent of total outlet comes from masturbation; among the married college group, the outlet from this source begins at 8.5 percent during early years of marriage and rises to as much as 18 percent in the later years.

¶ It is in the attitudes on masturbation, pre-marital and extra-marital intercourse and prostitution that one may see the "most marked of all distinctions between social levels, and this is true whether the calculations are made by educational levels or by occupational classes."

Generally speaking, persons on the lower levels look upon masturbation as "unnatural" (and unnecessary), are less interested in kissing or petting, and find their highest outlet at almost all ages, single or married, in heterosexual intercourse, which they regard as a "natural, inevitable and desirable thing" whether practised with wives, companions or prostitutes. "So nearly universal is pre-marital intercourse among grade-school groups that in two or three lower-level communities in which we have worked we have been unable to find a solitary male who had not had sexual relations with girls by the time he was 16 or 17 years of age. In such a community, the occasional boy who has not had intercourse by that age is either physically incapacitated, mentally deficient, homosexual or earmarked for moving out of his community and going to college."

The silhouette of upper-level behavior is in striking contrast as regards all these factors. The college male, as a result of social restraints, often chooses masturbation and petting as a substitute for intercourse with either com-

DRAWINGS BY SNYDER

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panions or prostitutes. In the case of pre-marital intercourse, for example, the incidence figures are: grade-school level, 97 percent; high-school level, 84 percent; college level, 67 percent. If frequencies are considered, the discrepancy is even more arresting, there being between seven and eight times as much pre-marital intercourse on the lower as on the higher levels. Again, 74 percent of grade-school males, unmarried by 25, patronize prostitutes; the corresponding figure for college-bred males in the same class is 28 percent.

¶ A curious anomaly arises regarding marital intercourse. The college male, having adhered to the mores of his group before marriage, continues to conform afterwards by finding 85 percent of his total outlet in marital intercourse. The percentages for high-school and grade-school males are, corresponding to their mores, somewhat lower. But after a few years the statistical curves of the lower and upper-level married groups change direction and cross. By the time the college male is in his fifties, only 62 percent of his total sexual outlet is in marital intercourse, while grade-school males of the same age find 88 percent of their outlet in marriage.

"Some persons may interpret the data to mean that the lower level starts out by trying promiscuity and, as a result of that trial, finally decides that strict monogamy is a better policy; but it would be equally correct to say that the upper level starts out by trying monogamy and ultimately decides that variety is worth having."

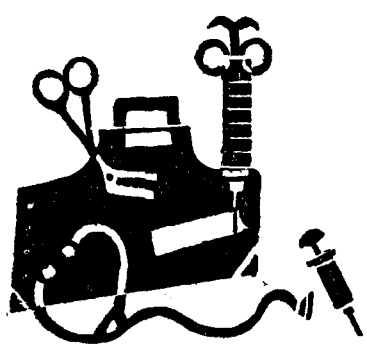
The explanations, Kinsey admits, are not "quite correct," yet they undoubtedly embody elements of truth. To the extent that upper-level males diminishingly select marital intercourse as an outlet (for other than biologic reasons, such as age) they tend to revert to the pre-marital outlets of their class, notably masturbation. Kinsey offers the further explanation that the "coital adjustments of this group in marriage are frequently poor, particularly because of the low degree of erotic responsiveness which exists among many of the college-bred females."

¶ For single males, homosexual relations occur most often among those who go to high school, but not beyond; least often in the group that goes to college. For both groups, however, the figures are amazingly high.

The accumulative incidence figure (total percentage of those who have had at least some homosexual contact resulting in orgasm) for single males of the high-school group is 32 percent in the early adolescent years, 54 percent of those not married by 30. The college-level percentages are 17 percent by age 30 (all classes), although the number who ultimately have homosexual experience is 40 percent of those not married by age 30. Ultimately, also 45 percent of the grade-school group is involved.

Since many of the men in the Army, Navy, Merchant Marine and similar organizations belong to the high-school educational level, the official announcement that less than one percent of all American males applying for or inducted into war service were homosexual is not altogether convincing. On the other hand, one may not with wholly unimpaired sanity contemplate the judgment of those psychoanalysts who, as reported by Kinsey, estimate that no less (and, one may hope, no more) than 100 percent of all males are homosexual.

Obviously, the difficulty of obtaining reliable data on this taboo-cursed activity is, as Kinsey repeatedly emphasizes, extreme. In general, the higher the social level the greater the urge to conceal the practice of "perversion." In regard to masturbation, however, what is "perverse" for a lower-level group may be accepted as a "lesser evil" and therefore scientifically rationalized by a higher-level group. As an example of the variations of cover-up, there is Kinsey's classic history of the Army colonel who denied that he had ever had homosexual experience "unless it happened at night when he did not know anything about it." The only other person, according to Kinsey, who gave a similar explanation was a four-year-old boy.



¶ Contrary to the fastidious pretensions of his level, the upper-level male responds much more readily than does his lower-level counterpart to a variety of erotic stimuli, many of which would be classed as "vulgar." These would include pictures, burlesque shows, obscene stories, the sight of animals in coitus, love stories in moving pictures and so on. There is no ready explanation for the difference—it is pointless to assert vaguely that the upper-level male has more imagination—although Kinsey suggests that since the lower-level male "comes nearer having as much coitus as he wants," he may well "look on such things as the use of pictures or literature to augment masturbatory fantasies as the strangest sort of perversion."

American attitudes on nudity are in a sense derived from the British, who, as Kinsey remarks, are the "most completely clothed people in the world." Group mores again account for a much higher acceptance of nudity at upper than at lower social levels. The act of undressing is so often looked upon, at the lower levels, as an affront to decency, even when executed in solitude, that many persons at this level "acquire a considerable knack of removing daytime clothing and of putting on night clothing, without ever exposing any part of the body." It goes almost without saying that the attitude toward nudity bears closely on many features of sexual practice.

¶ What are the restraints on pre-marital intercourse at the various levels? One of Kinsey's excellent tables provides considerable enlightenment. At the upper level, more than 60 percent are inhibited by moral considerations; the same suasion operates among only

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20 to 25 percent of those who have had, at most, only a high-school education. More than 20 percent of college-bred males fear public opinion on their coital activities; at the lower levels the percentage is about 13 percent. Fear of venereal disease, on the other hand, impresses 29 percent of grade-school males, 25 percent of high-school males and 24 percent of the college males. Lack of opportunity keeps 35 percent of lower-level males from this outlet, but operates in the case of 51 percent of the upper level.

The item in the table, "Lack of interest in having more," is accompanied by percentages quite consistent with other data, indicating that at the lower levels the outlet of heterosexual intercourse is adopted much more frequently than at upper levels. Nineteen percent of college men show this apathy, but more than 40 percent of grade and high-school men assert they are affected by indifference. The desire of the male "to marry a virgin" is strong at all levels, but slightly higher among college males. This of course cannot really be considered a restraint on intercourse, since there is the widespread distinction between "the kind of a girl one marries" and "the other kind."

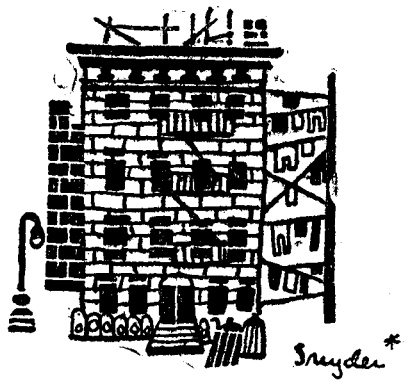
¶ Even in a practice so old and, as one might have judged, so uniform and so limited in variability of technique as kissing, there are great differences of practice depending on social level. What Kinsey calls the "deep kiss," which is apparently "a regular concomitant of coital activity among many of the vertebrates, and particularly among the mammals," is regularly experienced by nine out of ten males of the upper level. Its sanitary implications exercise no deterring influence on the better educated, even though the same group would for hygienic reasons disdain use of a common drinking glass. On the lower level, though a single drinking cup over the sink or in the water pail is often wholly acceptable, deep kissing is usually thought to be "dirty, filthy and a source of disease." The arguments, at both levels, "have nothing to do with the real issues. They are rationalizations of mores which place taboos upon mouth contacts for reasons which only the student of custom can explain. Once again, it is the upper level which first reverted, through a considerable sophistication, to behavior which is biologically natural and basic."

This oral phase of sex play deserves particular attention for the light it may throw on the sometimes glib psychoanalytical generalizations respecting oral and anal eroticism.

¶ "Most persons will be surprised to learn that positions in intercourse are as much a product of human cultures as languages and clothing, and that the common English-American position is rare in some other cultures. . . . The origin of our present custom is involved in early and later Church history, and needs clarification before it can be presented with any authority. . . . What has been taken to be a question of biologic normality proves, once again, to be a matter of cultural development." Kinsey has abundant data to show that upper and lower-level practices are widely divergent so far as coital positions are concerned.

¶ The rationalizations of group behavior present a formidable obstacle to the improvement of understanding and forbearance in social attitudes and social action. It is difficult to make headway against deep-rooted customs at every level. Morality and sexual morality are approximately equivalent terms on the upper level; clean, fine, upright, honorable, etc., there "refer primarily to abstinence from socio-sexual relations"; masturbation, if not approved, is at least more readily condoned, and in any case is infinitely to be preferred to pre-marital intercourse; in the rare instances where unsanctioned coitus may be "forgiven," "love" is involved. At the lower levels, in all sexual behavior, even where moral issues play a part, by and large it is recognized that "nature will triumph over morals."

In studying social implications, assuming one credits Kinsey's findings,



the world must be recognized as it is and not as one would want it to be. The sexual advice given by physicians, clinical psychologists, nurses, psychiatrists, marriage counselors and others with similar responsibility is valuable, informed and enlightened only if it takes into serious account the sex attitudes and practices of the group from which each person stems. The bias of the upper levels is no less a bias because it comes from the upper levels or because it has the prestige and authority of church, state and learning behind it. Both church and state have been known to err, and the theorems of the science of sex are not as persuasive as the theorem of Pythagoras.

Marriage counseling [writes Kinsey in a brilliant paragraph], as set up today, is based upon concepts of marriage, goals and ideals which may appear right to the educational level from which the marriage counselors come, and from which most of the counselors' clients also come, but which mean something else in the communities from which a lower-level client may come. The sexual techniques which marriage counsels and marriage manuals recommend are designed to foster the sort of intellectual eroticism which the upper level esteems, and most of which would be anathema to a large portion of the population, and an outrage to their mores. Many marriage counselors would like to impose their own upper-level patterns on their clients, without regard to the complications which may develop when an individual is educated into something that puts him at discord with the mores of the society in which he was raised and in which he may still be living.

Sex and the law. Our sex laws are a "codification of the sexual mores of the better educated portion of the population." Kinsey finds that the

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police often evince a better understanding of the vagaries of "delinquents" than do the college-bred judges. Only rarely will an arrest be made for violation of the laws against non-marital intercourse, an illegal activity which the policeman most likely once practised or is still practising without any heavy sense of wrongdoing. "There are policemen who frankly state that they consider it one of their functions to keep the judge from knowing things that he simply does not understand."

While there are judges, from all levels, who have some understanding of the dimensions of the problem, most of them, like ourselves, do not. Considering the hideous taboos involved, the strict legal penalties, the periodic outbursts of the press to round up sex "fiends," and the small number of actual arrests, it would startle most of those (including judges) who assume the law is being enforced to learn that 85 percent of the total male population has pre-marital intercourse, 59 percent has experience in mouth-genital contacts, nearly 70 percent has relations with prostitutes, between 35 and 40 percent has extra-marital intercourse, 37 percent has homosexual experience, and 17 percent of farm boys have animal intercourse—altogether a grand total of 95 percent of the entire male population involved in illicit activities. The call for a "clean-up of the sex offenders in a community . . . is, in fine, a proposal that five percent of the population should support the other 95 percent in penal institutions."

The detective work. Kinsey's entire work rests on the validity of his statistical data. If these are badly astray, his findings and conclusions are equally astray. Fully cognizant of this dependency, he has described his methods of investigation, including his interviewing technique, in some detail, setting forth the drawbacks and advantages of each step in the process with admirable candor.

If, then, there are misgivings with respect to his report he deserves candor in return.

Specialists undoubtedly have grounds for complaint and criticism as well as much to be grateful for. There are not a few, as Kinsey has foreseen, who are sharpening their knives and heating the cauldron in anticipation of the feast at which Kinsey will be the main dish. But even from the standpoint of the general reader there are understandable doubts as to the accuracy of many of Kinsey's results.

Each person interviewed was asked between 300 and 570 questions. These were asked at a rapid-fire rate in order (a) to cover the necessary ground in a feasible time, (b) to provide a "check" on fabrications. According to Kinsey, this staccato tempo is an effective check "as detectives and other law-enforcement officials well know."

This sounds to me a bit of precious nonsense bearing no relation, except by opposites, to sound scientific method. It may indeed have been necessary to ask that many questions, and to ask them rapidly in order to cover the ground, but there is no use pretending that the method was intrinsically desirable. Above all, Kinsey, who has dispelled so many vulgar errors, must realize by now that the phrase "as everybody well knows" is merely another way of saying "there is no shred of evidence to prove."

The answers given by the subjects were subsequently cross-checked, examined for internal consistency, correlated with findings of other studies, subjected to statistical tests, and in a number of cases there were "retakes." Other steps included a comparison of answers between spouses and a detailed comparison of the separate results obtained by each of the three principal interviewers.

Reservations. No one who has examined these correlations will doubt the impartiality and competence of the investigators; it remains that this is not the same thing as giving unqualified credence to the results of their work. Kinsey himself reminds us of this point repeatedly. Especially the data on total outlet and frequencies of particular sexual outlets must be scrutinized with the greatest care, periodically re-examined and correlated with fresh data. The age factor will in part determine what is and is not remembered, and at certain ages persons may exhibit peculiar attributes for recalling experiences which could not be recalled at another age.

Group attitudes may well have significant influence on the power of recall, although Kinsey, who deliberately omits any but brief references to psychological factors, scarcely examines the point. Surely the capacity for recalling, let alone uttering, descriptions of events involving sex behavior strongly disapproved by one's own group must differ from that of recalling events only mildly disapproved or fully accepted. If an individual, despite the attitude of his group, admits to an action strongly disapproved, the probability is high that he is speaking the truth. But what of the opposite case?

On balance, one should expect incidence, and perhaps frequency data, on such outlets as homosexuality and animal contacts to be low. Some males will boast, others will cover-up; some of Kinsey's subjects were ready to talk to him (or to one of his associates) "in a few minutes" after being introduced, revealing their innermost intimacies at a headlong pace; others were extremely reluctant, and had to be coaxed, wined, dined and socially stimulated before they would spout. The interviewing of children raised unusual obstacles, but the indefatigable interviewers were not to be discouraged. Kinsey's description of the interviewer "tussling" with a four-year-old boy while asking him whether he kissed neighborhood females of the same age, makes a memorable tableau in the history of science.

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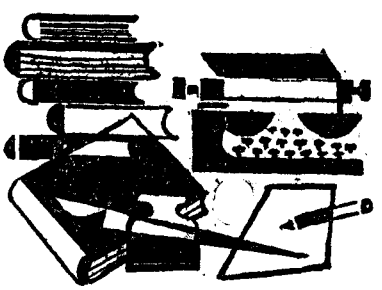
There are also some curious passages about the importance of looking people "square in the eye," a technique which will be regarded as an innovation in scientific method. At one point, in discussing the validity of his data, Kinsey claims no more than that the individual record is at least "not wholly specious." Elsewhere, in answer to the inquiry how an interviewer knows whether people are telling the truth, he asserts almost contemptuously, "As well ask a horse trader how he knows when to close a bargain"—a dangerous analogy.

Final estimate. I must fall back on a trite phrase. None of the deficiencies to which I have alluded detracts seriously, in my opinion, from the great, solid virtues of the Kinsey report or fatally undermines the organic soundness of its foundations. It may well be, as Kinsey himself reëmphasizes throughout, that few portions of the data are free of uncertainties, and that some of the statistics, while the best hitherto available, should be regarded with the most cautious skepticism. Yet the report as a whole in its major composites and correlations, in its silhouettes of group patterns and trends, constitutes a chart to which the social scientist must accord the most careful attention. To reject it on the ground that it is statistically unreliable would require, by parity of reasoning, the flat rejection of most of the social and medical sciences, since their statistical bricks have at least as much straw.

There is every reason to suppose that medical men, psychiatrists, sociologists, anthropologists and specialists in other disciplines will find much in this report to criticize, reinterpret and modify in the light of their own knowledge and experience. Psychoanalysts, I should expect, will on the one hand (assuming a drop of orthodoxy remains in their blood) rejoice over the validation and confirmation of so many of Freud's brilliant but essentially a-priori conjectures, and on the other hand be outraged over Kinsey's neglect of the fundamental principles on the basis of which the structure of their discipline has been erected. (They will, for example, object strongly, and I think not unjustly, to the notion that persons can be made to give an honest account or even remember taboo sex activities in the interest of scientific progress; they will argue that if sexual drives are as prevalent and as powerful in shaping social behavior as Kinsey's own statistics demonstrate, they must have had an incalculable influence in shaping the answers to Kinsey's questions; they will dismiss as absurd the conclusion that a person can be disenthralled of his anxieties and prejudices simply by "looking him square in the eye.")

There is also unevenness in the treatment of different topics. One may question whether what Kinsey has written on the transmission of sex mores or on the stability of sex patterns adds as much to knowledge as his brilliant analyses of the problems of homosexuality, pre-marital intercourse, variability of sexual behavior or the relation between sexual activities and social level. *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male,* with all these qualifications, is a triumph of sanity and reason in a field of the highest human consequences. Kinsey and his fellow workers have laid the cornerstone for a great edifice in what until now has been a wasteland. We owe it to ourselves to attend their labors.



THE DEVIL WITHIN

LETTERS OF RAINER MARIA RILKE: VOLUME TWO, translated by Jane Bannard Greene and M. D. Herter Norton (W. W. Norton; $5).

RAINER MARIA RILKE wrote in his will: "Since, from certain years on, I was accustomed occasionally to direct a part of the creativity of my nature into letters, nothing stands in the way of publication of my correspondence. . . ." The first volume of these letters (1892–1910) was published in translation several years ago. The second has been recently added to it, covering the years from 1910 to the poet's death in 1926.

The struggle. This latter volume is, first of all, the somber record of suffering in what Rilke called "the long convalescence which my life is." The most painful times were those when "weeks, even months go by in which I produce only with extreme effort five lines of a quite indifferent letter." Much of his distress was caused by the circumstances of these last years of his life, particularly the war of 1914, but these far from account for the complex personal maladies in which "for me the world collapses completely every moment, inside my blood."

At one time Rilke considered psychoanalysis in hope of relief, but he came to believe that sickness was the condition of his artistic life: his genius was so inextricably entangled with his neuroses that to exorcise the latter was to unsettle the former. He expressed his decision thus: "I can wish for no sort of change, no interference from without, no relief. . . . It seems to me certain that if one were to drive out my devils, my angels too would get a little (let us say) a very little fright, and—you do feel it—that is exactly what I may not risk at any cost."

It is in this deliberate martyrdom to his art that he finds the first sanction for his extremely high standard of achievement. "Talent, you understand," he wrote, "scarcely has significance any more in our day, since a certain dexterity of expression has become general—where is it not? Hence succeeding still means something only where the highest, utmost is achieved."

The wandering. The social conditions imposed upon him by this temperament and vocation were those of solitude and restless wanderings: in Spain, France, Italy, North Africa, Russia and Central Europe. "My work was always so much inspired by being

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alone," he repeats. "I have to decide between human intercourse and work," but in this choice "the exclusive call to the *inner* realization of my life was so great that work on the *external* ones after a brief attempt had to be abandoned." Not only did he separate from his wife and daughter, but he even refused the gift of a dog, though "you can imagine what a temptation that was." Nevertheless, a corrective insight into this isolation is afforded by Rilke's admission "I am not a lover at all . . . no one has ever shaken me utterly."

To places, cities and landscapes, to houses and furniture, however, he was especially and unreservedly responsive, and of these he says, "How much they tell . . . to one who since childhood has held with *things*. That I have done since away back with eagerness and absorption."

The exile. Of course there *is* the large correspondence, and the personal relations they suggest. These letters were written for the most part to women, women who were protective old friends or patronesses who provided "refuge," and who encouraged an apparently one-sided confidence. Rilke himself remarked that men rarely cared for his intimate friendship. All this, then, while the matter of the letters, is at the same time the background and condition for them. They account for his travels, his interest in the occult, his isolation from Paris during the war, the appalled paralysis of "these days of monstrously accelerated dying," and after the Armistice his desperate optimism that needed to believe in a "new beginning of existence."

He recognized, however, the impossibility of renewing his former life, of "continually facing the sheerest repetition, the bare once-again and its whole desperate unfruitfulness." He began again his wanderings over Europe, but rather as the enforced exile than as the cultivated traveler or "colonist." "How homeless we all are. . . . Where shall we go? In Germany particularly people like us will feel themselves strangers." At last, in 1920, he found himself in Paris briefly, and "for the first time since the dreadful years I am feeling the continuity of my existence again."

Afterwards, with the completion of the *Duino Elegies* and the *Sonnets to Orpheus*, a sense of repose pervades the letters. He seemed to recognize that his great work was done and he allowed himself to enjoy, even jubilantly, the pride of accomplishment. At the same time his health gradually failed in what was diagnosed as acute leukemia. "Gravely ill, painfully, miserably, humbly ill," he entered "these anonymous regions" and died on December 29, 1926.

Blood of a poet. There is an interest in these letters quite independent of any curiosity attaching to Rilke's reputation. Of course, for admirers of his poetry they will have a special kind and degree of fascination, but even from people unfamiliar with that work, these letters claim attention as a great human document. Composed, for the most part, slowly and deliberately in a beautifully elaborated prose, they are more like the musings of the poet with himself; they give, for example, surprisingly little idea of the correspondents he addresses. Nor are they concerned much with other people or events external to himself. They are the attendant reflections of his most private existence, and since, as an artist, his constant activity was to translate his personal experience into the communicable, even this self-revelation of the obscurities of his being is extraordinarily lucid—and for that reason first of all, beautiful.

JOHN FARRELLY

ASPECTS OF MANN

The Stature of Thomas Mann, edited by Charles Neider (New Directions; $5). This extensive collection of essays, written at different times, on Thomas Mann as personality, author and political symbol has something of the profound but ponderous quality of the subject's own writing. Among the 61 contributors are André Gide, Conrad Aiken, Kenneth Burke, Bruno Walter, Stefan Zweig, Dorothy Thompson, Lewis Mumford and Erika, Klaus and Heinrich Mann, who all approach their points with suitable reverence for Mann's undeniable position in contemporary letters. There are a number of good analyses of Mann's work by critics from various countries, but they tend, inevitably, to become somewhat repetitious. The attempts to explain Mann's political progress from *Reflections of a Non-Political Man* to *The Coming Victory of Democracy* and, in several cases, to relate this to the German problem are interesting and provocative, and many readers may be startled by Heinrich Mann's highly complimentary interpretation of his brother's famous statement: "Wherever I am is German culture." A. L. G.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

Hanging Judge, by Bruce Hamilton (Harpers; $2.50). British jurisprudence takes a terrific beating—not even the Prime Minister or the Home Secretary escapes with a whole skin—in this superior psychological thriller of murder and revenge. Though it turns out that Justice is not so much blind as suffering from spots before her eyes, you will have the time of your life reading this one.

I Knew Mac Bean, by Margaret Erskine (Crime Club; $2). This skillful thriller of wartime England plays down its plot of Nazi menace in favor of a cast of troubled and complex characters. A nicely balanced job that rates high for atmosphere, suspense and general reader interest.

Always Murder a Friend, by Margaret Scherf (Crime Club; $2). The Reverend Martin Buell, at 53, is a clergyman to remember, well seasoned, genial and hard to surprise. He almost meets his match, though, in Mrs. Seneca Wibble, leader of his new congregation and social arbiter of Farrington, Colorado. Martin's encounters with sudden death and the redoubtable Seneca provide a remarkably cozy tale, replete with chuckles, some homespun, others rather worldly. E. H.

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RADIO: Postscripts

TWO MATTERS discussed here previously merit further attention. One is programming in the Pittsburgh area, which was used as a random yardstick for comparing old and new broadcast practices. The other concerns the Federal Communications Commission's hearing, scheduled now for March 1, when most of the broadcasters will ask that they be allowed to editorialize on the air.

People you know. Lee Wood Taylor of Irwin, Pennsylvania, writes one of the most interesting reader evaluations of broadcasting I have seen:

In your review of radio stations, old and new, in Pittsburgh and vicinity (the *NR*, January 19 and January 26), you mention WLOA (of Braddock, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh). Then you skip off to an analysis of other stations, ending with: "On the basis of this evidence, admittedly insufficient, it seems that the new radio is new only as a statistic. As a contribution to better information, richer culture . . . or higher civic consciousness, the new radio has an old look."

If you had paused over WLOA . . . you would have found something that would tend to confirm rather than negate your hope for the higher civic consciousness of new radio stations here.

On Sunday, WLOA is a beehive of community-conscious musicians, speakers, workers who are actors for an hour, and commentators. The UE (United Electrical Radio and Machine Workers, CIO) puts on a show at one p.m., just after a group of really popular musicians play foreign favorites with their own commentary for Braddock's large foreign population.

Our program is made up of amateur actors and people from the shops who have something to say in either discussion form or through a light "Home Life of Bill, Our UE Steward" script. After us comes the American Slav Congress program, which plays a recording of a speech by Henry Wallace, or an interview with someone who has just returned from Yugoslavia. . . .

Superintending all these people, who use one big studio and rush in and out during a theme song, is the station's owner, Bill Matta. As a UE steward remarked: "Matta is making a good business from selling time to the people of the community." And people are beginning to learn that radio is not such an ostentatious medium, restricted only to high-powered commercials for industrialists, but a close-to-home outlet for local problems, accurate information, and a certain pride that comes of doing things themselves, or knowing the fellow on the air who is saying the things you want said. . . .

I am particularly glad to note mention, in the letter about Braddock, of the American Slav Congress show, for it is something I want to cover.

Highly selective. Last October, the congress announced that it would do a 15-minute "Keep America Free" program each Sunday, over KQV, the Mutual affiliate in Pittsburgh. George S. Wuchinich, vice-president of the American Slav Congress, wrote me: "KQV knew of the actual nature of the material for more than two months following contract acceptance. It accepted our script (for the opening program) 72 hours before deadline. The following day, the managing director canceled the program quite abruptly." It was then switched to WLOA in Braddock.

A reading of five "Keep America Free" scripts gives me only one possible clue to the reason for KQV's action. One show put on an interview with the Yugoslav Ambassador, and another with a newspaper correspondent just returned from Yugoslavia. Certainly these seem unobjectionable. But another week, a lady sang "Joe Magarac," a ballad about a legendary, heroic steelworker—the John Henry of the open-hearth furnace. Magarac was of Slavic origin—like half of the steel and mine workers in the Pittsburgh area. And maybe KQV wants to be exclusive.

Free as air. That is the kind of selectivity that would be extended if broadcasters were permitted to editorialize on the air.

While the Federal Communications Commission is preparing to open public hearings on revocation of its seven-year-old rule against editorials on the air, several New York broadcasters have jumped the gun. The outstanding job was done by WMCA.

WMCA has been campaigning, since early January, for more and cheaper housing. But the goal, five nights a week, is "write to the Mayor." If that is not promotion of the broadcaster's private viewpoint, and therefore a violation of the FCC's rule, I need a course in simplified semantics.

The action of the New York stations, particularly WMCA, sharpens the air-editorialization issue. Are we for the "Mayflower Decision" (the FCC rule which bans radio editorials) only when we disagree with the broadcaster—and against it when the liberal side is plugged, as it has been by these Manhattan outlets?

The National Association of Broadcasters and the NAM speak piously of "freedom of expression" as guaranteed to the press—and therefore to radio—by the First Amendment. In this solicitude for the Bill of Rights, however, there is a fallacy: radio cannot be put on the same "free enterprise" level as the press because the air is a natural resource that belongs to all the people. Anyone using that resource must do so in the interest of all, minority and majority alike. Once the FCC is brought to give a broadcaster freedom to editorialize on behalf of his private viewpoint, the door will be opened to the next step desired by the NAB—freedom from any kind of government supervision except purely technical. The air, then, would belong not to the people but to those who have the most money, influence or political drag.

Persuasion. That Radio Directors' Guild strike threat, mentioned here several weeks ago, has not materialized. A new contract gives directors more money, greater protection. The negotiations which brought this about got under way briskly once the picket signs were ready. Anybody want a nice stack of unused banners?

SAUL CARSON

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THEATER: Music, Murder, Strindberg

CHEERFUL and as inconsequential as a 1925 copy of the *New Yorker,* playful as a Central Park seal, Arnold Horwitt's "Make Mine Manhattan," which has settled down forever at the Broadhurst, sings, dances and wisecracks through a loving and hilarious salute to a better city than the one we live in.

David Burns, who combines a round, leering face, a knowing waddle and a soul full of the resigned misery of the ages, makes a comic classic out of the myth-filled twenties merely by the slight, tortured twists of his eyebrow, by his small, gentlemanly protests, by the helpless genius with which, in a series of genteel grunts and shrugs and muttered half-sentences, he dramatizes the pathetic plight of good-natured, stunned, modern, timid man caught in the fanatic grip of the evangels of progress.

He is ably abetted by Josh Shelley and Sid Caesar, who can hammer out a laugh in their own right, and by the brisk, broad direction of Max Liebman, who has seen a revue or two in his time, and knows how to keep things moving.

"Make Mine Manhattan" gives the back of its gleeful hand to such significant metropolitan phenomena as "Allegro," Schrafft's (where you're liable to find cottage cheese in your Martini), the milkmen, taxidrivers and garbage collectors who make the diabolical three a.m. chorus, drama critics, bribe-conscious headwaiters and Hollywood movie companies which bring their imperial notions of extra-territorial immunity to our fair streets.

I am not humming Richard Lewine's music as I write this, but it is serviceable, especially in the lighter numbers. I know that no self-respecting musical show would pull up its curtain without a few love songs, usually mournful chants of frustration, but I would shake the hand of the manager who refused to include such laments in his offering unless they were as good as "Night and Day," or "Many a New Day" from "Oklahoma!"

There are some pretty girls who sing engagingly, and a tall, handsome young lady by the name of Bagley who delivers with sly distinction a final judgment on the glories of the Park Avenue Theater, where a New Yorker can get every creature comfort imaginable, up to, but not including, a good motion picture.

Golden youth. In the cavernous, resounding depths of the City Center, a non-acoustical auditorium in which only pageants demonstrating The Rise of Labor or The Winning of the West could be really at home, the youthful wonders of the New York City Theatre Company are blithely chewing the scenery to bits in a revival of "Angel Street," and we all love it. Uta Hagen, José Ferrer and Richard Whorf, with their tongues in their cheeks, have breathed new life into Patrick Hamilton's clever old warhorse, and by adding a new element of humor, especially in the role of Manningham, have improved on the original production.

Miss Hagen swoops around the stage like a bright leaf on an elegant autumn wind. Whorf, as Scots as barley whiskey and as old as Moses, grumbles charmingly through the role of the retired police detective on his ultimate case, and José Ferrer, with an absurd red wig and stage whiskers, gloriously lost in admiration of his own gifts, struts with sinister laughter to his Victorian doom.

The only fault a playgoer can find with the entire enterprise is that these immensely talented young people have not found a new play to serve as well as they do "Angel Street."

Crabbed age. By the time you read this, "The Last Dance," a free adaptation by Peter Goldbaum and Robin Short from "Dodsdancen," by August Strindberg, will have closed, which is a pity. Clumsily contrived, sparsely written, the play nevertheless was constantly interesting, mostly because of the wonderfully detailed performance by Oscar Homolka of an aging, drunken, vicious, evil military man, serving out his drab time on a distant tropical island. Homolka gives a selfish performance, constantly wandering around, fidgeting, breaking into everybody else's lines, punctuating his speeches with inexcusable pauses, riveting the audience's attention on himself, but it was worth it, because for me, at least, he kept the play alive.

There was a common fault, both in the writing and the playing, in that in the first ten minutes the central character was completely revealed to us. Jessie Royce Landis, as the disappointed wife, was trapped between high drawing-room comedy of a brittle and heartless kind, and deepest tragedy, and her attempts to blend the two styles sometimes resulted in burlesque. Occasionally, she showed that she could be most touching and sincere, but then the playwrights would force her to deliver some illusion-breaking witticism, and she would have to begin all over again to regain her proper place in the play.

John O'Shaughnessy, the director of "Command Decision," probably left the star of the piece to his own devices, but came into his own in a scene between the two young people, in which Richard Hylton and Anne Jackson created a mood of youthful tenderness, laughter and sensuality which was deeply affecting. Miss Jackson has a graceful freedom, a vitality and simple unselfconsciousness which can carry her a long way.

Ralph Alswang's first set was a muddy green monstrosity of a canvas fortress which gave no hint that his next scene, a brilliantly colored tropical room, open to the winds, would be as pleasant and as useful a set as we have seen all season.

Annoyed by the obvious imperfections of the script, the reviewers were cruel and testy about the offering. That is too bad, because judging from my own reaction, and the close attention of the people around me, there was an audience for this work. IRWIN SHAW

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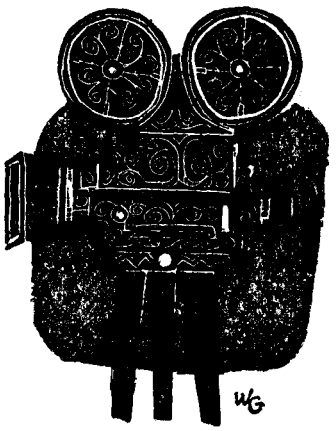
MOVIES: Line of Duty

RKO RADIO is making considerable publicity of the fact that it commissioned an honest-to-goodness piece of music—a piano concerto by Leith Stevens—for "Night Song," John Cromwell directing. They've given it a full-dress presentation, too, with Artur Rubinstein at the piano and Eugene Ormandy conducting the New York Philharmonic.

In fact, the presentation is so very spectacular that I doubt whether the most astute music critic could make a sensible judgment on the new work. Rubinstein's fingers run about beneath your eyes; Ormandy makes the faces that are supposed to be seen only by the gentlemen of the orchestra; flute players tootle under your nose; and the cymbals go off with a fine, glittering clash. At the same time, Dana Andrews, as the supposed composer, smokes cigarettes offstage (he calls cigarettes "torches" to show his underprivileged origins). It is a challenging setting for the première of a concerto. Still, the composer may have done an honest job; the people who made the movie have not.

They have framed their excursion into the field of music patronage in a creaking and mawkish film. Dana Andrews, a blind composer, is playing his soul out in Hoagy Carmichael's night-club band. Merle Oberon, a very rich girl with an ear for music and an eye for a handsome profile, happens by and decides she'll pretend to be blind and poor too. She puts up a prize; he wins it; the operation is successful; he meets the rich girl and doesn't know she's the poor girl and I think most readers can find their way from there.

Ethel Barrymore, who shouldn't lend her name to such schemes, plays a wise old aunt and is called upon at one point to compare her heart to a wastepaper basket filled with unpaid bills. Hoagy Carmichael has taken over the nursemaid-to-genius role sometimes shouldered by Jimmy Durante, James Gleason and Oscar Levant. He sings a good but strictly commercial ditty called "Who Killed 'Er?" and succeeds in being convincing as himself. It's not a great achievement, but it's enough to win the honors in this charade.



I hope Leith Stevens has written a good concerto, that he was well paid for it, and that he won't be held responsible for the curious circumstances under which it was unveiled.

Murder most foul. Charles Boyer, Jessica Tandy and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are appearing at present in an Aldous Huxley murder story bearing the strangely old-fashioned title, "A Woman's Vengeance." It could better have been called "Death by Epigram."

Miss Tandy drops something into the tea of the ailing Mrs. Boyer (Rachel Kempson) to clear her decks for what she misunderstands to be Boyer's undeclared passion. Unhappily, Boyer's interests have developed along different lines, and he takes advantage of his wife's untimely death to marry a youngster (Ann Blyth) he's had his eye on for some time. Whereupon Miss Tandy, a woman scorned, neatly turns the murder on Boyer. It isn't difficult to do because, for one thing, he has been buying weed-killer and, for another, he is a Frenchman.

Up to this point the action is reasonably brisk, but from here to the end, epigram takes over. The several princi-

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pals stand about wringing their hands and feeding one another such lines as "What is death?"; "What is love?"; or observing that injustice must be accepted and that life can only be understood backward. This dialogue does little to advance Huxley's reputation for mordant wit and nothing at all to advance the story.

Eventually Hardwicke, in his family-physician role, tumbles to the fact that something is gnawing at Miss Tandy—she can't sleep, she wears dark glasses in the house and she goes around with a funny look on her face (Huxley originally called his story "The Giaconda Smile").

Miss Tandy tries to slip one of her pills into Sir Cedric's whisky, but he foils her with the old dodge of knocking over the glass and eventually outwits her with the still older one of setting the clock ahead an hour. "A Woman's Vengeance" works up practically no suspense but it does generate considerable nervous tension of the kind known as the fidgets.

ROBERT HATCH

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Home, Sweet Home

[Henry] Trefflich would like to see more people use monkeys as pets. He believes it would be a good idea to use them as substitutes for children. "When a boy or girl goes away to college," he says, "is a good time to get a monkey to take his place." – *From* This Week *magazine.*

The Long View

Lana Turner, suspended by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer six days ago for refusing the role of Lady de Winter in "The Three Musketeers," emerged from conferences with studio officials late today to announce that she has changed her mind "in consideration of world conditions and the economic effect upon motion-picture production." – *From the New York* Herald Tribune.

Good As New

Max Schmeling, former world heavyweight champion, would like to fight in Chicago, it is rumored. . . . Although he landed in Crete with Nazi parachutists in the summer of 1941 and was acclaimed as a Hitler enthusiast, Schmeling has been cleared of a Nazi taint. – *From the Chicago* Daily News.

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clippings. – The Editors

HENRY WALLACE'S COLUMN

(Continued from page 13)

then facing the imminence of war. If Russia doesn't want peace, America will be forced to try the way of war."

But who says Russia doesn't want peace? John Steinbeck doesn't say so in his magnificent stories in the New York *Herald Tribune.* Quite the contrary. And in the same *Herald Tribune* we find the account of Colonel Louis E. Coira of the Air Force Operations Division of the Army, who urges that the President has the right to start a *preventive war* without consulting Congress.

I say the American people have the right to debate the issue of war and peace. If we are to be denied that right in 1948, then I say that we are already in the hands of a military dictatorship, and that it is high time the people of the US and the world knew it. Like Churchill, I insist that matters be "brought to a head." I want them brought to a head right here in the US. I want to know if we are going to precipitate an atom-bomb war against Russia in case she refuses to comply with Churchill's ultimatum.

Henry A Wallace

Christ. *God, Man or Myth?*

Did Christ himself write down any record of his life? If so, where are these writings today? Do they exist in any museum or library or sacred shrine? Can you find a trace of them in the vast and mysterious subterranean archives of the Vatican in Rome? The answer is NO! Nowhere has any man been able to discover a single word that Jesus wrote!

Who, then, wrote the Christian Gospels? And when were they written? By some historian after the death of Christ? Or are these Gospels merely myths and legends handed down to us from a civilization that existed long before the time of Christ?

At last you can get the FACTS about Christ and the Christian Church in a startling new book just off the press called "A Shield Has Two Sides" written by the eminent author, scholar and historian Wallace Stockwell.

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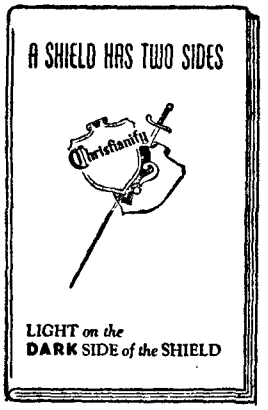

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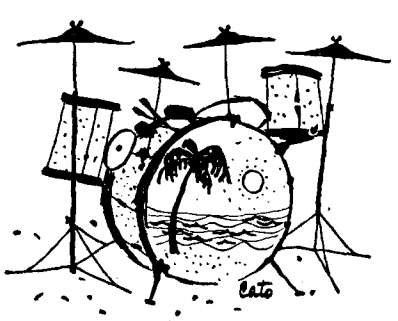
MUSIC: Turntable Roundup

NOW THAT the recording ban is in effect, the stuff you'll be listening to in the future will be backlog material (and the major companies say they're set for a year at least), bootleg records (so I'm told) from Mexico and elsewhere, and reissues. I look forward to a wave of nostalgia from the dance orchestras, jazz bands and vocalists of the twenties and thirties. Right now, however, I'd like to mention some of the best of the last sides cut under normal conditions.

Cream of the crop is Victor's "Singing the Blues" album (P-192), offering Louis Armstrong, Mildred Bailey, Jack Teagarden and Ethel Waters in eight distinctive interpretations of the misery pattern. You'll have your own favorites in this book, but my votes go to Ethel Waters' sensitive handling of "Careless Love" and "Blues in My Heart"; and to the earnest little jazz band that grinds out some cocky background for Teagarden in "St. Louis Blues" and "Blues after Hours." Max Kaminsky's trumpet leads the way. These records, previously unreleased, were cut at various sessions during the past few years.

Another fine jazz pair held back for several years is Bob Crosby's "That Da Da Strain" and "Milenberg Joys" (Decca). They're products of the days when the Crosby group was at the top, playing small-band jazz with big-band power.

Mel Tormé offers six real old ones for Musicraft (F-8): "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," "Three Little Words," "I'll Always Be in Love with You," "Love, You Funny Thing," "The Day You Came Along" and "Fine and Dandy."



In spite of its evident Jim Crow flavor, I can't help liking Peggy Lee's "Manana" (Capitol). It's a good-natured burlesque with exceptionally clever lyrics. Reverse is "All Dressed Up with a Broken Heart."

Pearl Bailey's latest could easily be her funniest: "But What Are These?" and "I Need Ya Like I Need a Hole in the Head" (Columbia). The first is recommended for evil minds, the second for people in search of culture.

Uptown manners. There's a lot of savage, exotic stuff in Enric Madriguera's "Jungle Rhumba," while the reverse, "Ballerina," offers a relaxing and tasteful treatment of a better-than-average tune (Decca).

Bob Houston, a young man who sings remarkably like Bing Crosby, offers "Pianissimo" and "All Dressed Up with a Broken Heart" for M-G-M.

Best of the current wilderness material is Hank Williams' "My Sweet Love Ain't Around," a plaintive and surprisingly convincing hillbilly vehicle, reversed by a blues-type thing called "Rootie Tootie" (M-G-M).

The Ink Spots may represent the last word in schmaltz to many, but their hamminess has an awfully sincere ring to me. Their latest recording is "When You Come to the End of the Day" and "I'll Lose a Friend Tomorrow" (Decca).

And while I'm on the subject of schmaltz, I may as well say something about the undisputed king of it. Perhaps it's premature senility, but I'm getting very fond of the musical syrup of Guy Lombardo, currently offering his famous "Auld Lang Syne" and "Home on the Range" (Decca). The former revives memories of countless midnight "remotes," while the latter features a singer named Jimmy Brown, new to me. He's a lot more sensible than some of his more famous contemporaries.

CHARLES MILLER

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CORRESPONDENCE: Joe Hill

SIR: Here are some facts to correct the much misinformed article on Joe Hill (the *NR*, January 5). . . .

1. *Birth and origin.* Instead of being "the illegitimate son of a prominent Swede," Joe Hill was a member of a good union family in Jevla, Sweden. . . .

2. *The murder charge.* The grocer Morrison was shot . . . with a .38 Colt. Hill's gun was a No. 7 Luger. . . .

The murderer was described by witnesses as about five foot seven. Hill was over six feet.

The murderer was shot at as he fled. . . . Hill's wounds were high in his chest but low in his coat, actually four inches lower than the corresponding part of the body, a circumstance showing that his hands were up when he was shot. It is plain that Hill was shot with his hands up as he faced whoever shot him. . . .

Morrison's son Merlin was a witness to the shooting. (Another son was a witness, but died from his wounds before the trial.) Merlin Morrison *saw it all* and refused to identify Hill. He did testify that the men entered the store, said, "We've got you now," shot and fled. The son who died said about the same thing. . . .

Here are the honest questions to consider about this article:

1. Why, on such flimsy circumstantial evidence, despite the intervention of President Wilson, the Swedish Consul . . . the AFL and hosts of others, did the state of Utah execute Joe Hill? . . .

2. Why does Mr. Stegner take the even flimsier testimony of a "guitarist" and an "ex-editor of an IWW paper," without so much as checking on their credibility . . . and then proceed to assassinate the character of a rebel shot 34 years ago?

FRED THOMPSON,
Editor, the *Industrial Worker*
Chicago, Ill.

SIR: I wish to protest the inclusion of Wallace Stegner's compilation of guesswork, imagination and outright falsehood in the *New Republic*. . . .

First, there is the implication that only one Wobbly remembers Joe. . . . What Mr. Stegner means is that he was able to find only one who agreed with his own preconceived notion that Hill was a bandit. . . .

Second, or third or fourth, Stegner's claim that Joe could have secured a commutation of sentence by proving in confidence to the pardon board his story of being wounded would make a horse laugh if that horse had ever heard of American jurisprudence in regard to radicals. . . .

Alpine, N. Y. GEORGE W. COOK

SIR: . . . Stegner uses an unknown drunken Seaman, who claims kinship to Joe, in an attempt to prove that Joe Hill was a Mission Stiff, Stick-up man and Common Criminal. Also, according to Stegner, "Hillstrom apparently said he was the illegitimate Son of a prominent Swede." The general pattern of such alleged hearsay evidence would definitely prove one thing, namely, Stegner is quite careless with what commonly is accepted as the truth. . . .

New York City MEYER FRIEDKIN

SIR: The writers of these letters doubt the accuracy of my sources, or imply that I have no sources at all except my imagination. . . . I have talked and corresponded wtih several dozen old-time Wobblies who were active in Joe Hill's time. Seven of them knew him personally; three of them knew him well. . . .

I have photostatic copies of the only remaining volume of the trial transcript, plus complete files of the Deseret *News* and the Salt Lake *Tribune* from the time of Hill's arrest until his execution. I have the records of the Utah State Penitentiary, the statements of the Supreme Court and the Utah Pardon Board, the coverage of the case in the New York *Times* and various news magazines. I have checked the police records of San Pedro and Los Angeles and files of the Los Angeles papers, and I have consulted with the sheriff who executed Hill, jailers and law-enforcement officers who knew him, a member of his Defense Committee, the Swedish vice-consul who investigated the case for the Swedish Minister, the AP reporter who covered the case and witnessed the execution, the son of the man Joe Hill was supposed to have killed. . . .

On the basis of this body of material, which admittedly is not absolutely exhaustive but which I am sure represents as complete a collection of evidence as exists, I arrived at the conclusions contained in my *New Republic* article.

Mr. Thompson scouts the idea that Joe Hill let it be understood that he was the illegitimate son of a prominent Swede, and cites facts of Hill's family in Jevla to disprove the story. These are details that I did not know, and if they are accurate I am glad to have them. . .

Mr. Cook grows hilarious at the notion

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that the pardon board gave Hill a chance to prove his innocence and demonstrate his woman-story in strict confidence. I refer him to the public statement of the pardon board, released to the press on September 25, 1915. The following paragraph is germane:

> Some members of the board even went so far as to say to the applicant that if he would give his attorneys and the warden the name of the man whom [sic] he claimed to the doctor had shot him, the name of the woman and the place and the circumstances of the shooting, so that the matter could be investigated, and if on investigation it should be found that he was shot in such manner, he would be entitled to an unconditional pardon; and that the names of the parties to the affair, if any such had occurred, would be kept secret and made known to no one except the warden, his attorneys and those investigating the matter. But after a conference with his attorneys he declined the proposition, his attorney stating to the board that he declined to give any further information, and that he wanted to die a martyr.

Finally, there is the charge, made by all three but stated most explicitly by Mr. Thompson, that I have made no effort to check my facts and have been guilty of carelessness with the truth. . . . Well, I have read the evidence, which I think is more than Mr. Thompson has done. There is not room here to do more than indicate the places where Mr. Thompson's assertions do not jibe with the facts.

1. Thompson: Grocer Morrison was shot with a .38 Colt. Fact: Nobody knows what kind of gun he was shot with, or even with absolute certainty the caliber of the gun.

2. Thompson: Hill's gun was a No. 7 Luger. Fact: That is what Hill *said* his gun was. The two doctors, who were the only people to see the gun, did not identify it as a Luger. One would not say whether it more resembled the Colt or the Luger he was shown in court. The other thought it looked more like a Colt.

3. Thompson: "The murderer was described by witnesses as about five foot seven." Fact: The three witnesses who were most damaging in identifying Hill as one of the two bandits were Merlin Morrison, Mrs. Phoebe Seeley and Mrs. Vera Hansen. All testified that the man they saw was tall and thin.

4. Thompson: "The murderer was shot as he fled." Fact: Nobody knows when the murderer was shot at, since nobody *saw* him shot at.

5. Thompson: "Merlin Morrison saw it all." Fact: Merlin Morrison saw only the entrance of the two bandits, and heard them say, "We've got you now." Then he ran. As he ran into the stockroom he heard a shot, and turned. He saw the taller bandit shoot his father, and ran again. After that he heard six or seven more shots, and when he crept in a minute later he found his brother dead and his father dying. He actually saw only one shot fired, the one the tall bandit fired at his father. . . .

6. Thompson: "The son who died said about the same thing" as his brother Merlin. Fact: The son who died, died instantly, and said nothing at all.

7. Thompson: Hill's bullet holes were high in his chest but low in his coat, which proved that he had his hands up when shot. Fact: Any violent action could have pulled the coat up that much. Let Mr. Thompson experiment by making violent gestures with his arms. Merlin Morrison saw the tall bandit rush toward his father and fire. In that rush, necessarily violent, he could quite easily have got into the position in which he was evidently shot. I do not say he did; I say only that he could have.

There is no doubt in my mind that Joe Hill was a profound believer and an unflagging fighter in the cause of the worker, but the burden of the evidence is that he was also a stick-up man. . . .

I do not believe that anyone can read the actual record and not believe that there was a strong likelihood of Hill's guilt. That there was enough actual proof, beyond all question of doubt, to condemn him to death, I doubt. But that Hill was railroaded by the Mormon Church and the copper bosses is not credible. . . .

Starting out to work on Joe Hill because I took in the legend whole, I have come to think him a Wobbly more dedicated and more violent than most. . . . His close acquaintances believed that he had a Robin Hood streak, that he took from society because he hated the system, and that he stole company money where he wouldn't touch the money of an individual. . . .

There is the further matter of why I want to tear down a labor martyr, even if I know he isn't what the legend says he is. I don't, and I am perfectly willing he should remain a martyr. Only thing is, I hate to see the complete abdication of the critical intelligence and the complete disregard of the truth that was indulged in by Hill's defense. They lied like hell, over and over again, and seized on any kind of quibble, subterfuge and threat, in order to spring him. Myself, I prefer Frank Little and Wesley Everest for the martyr's role. They at least died on workers' business.

WALLACE STEGNER

Stanford University, Calif.

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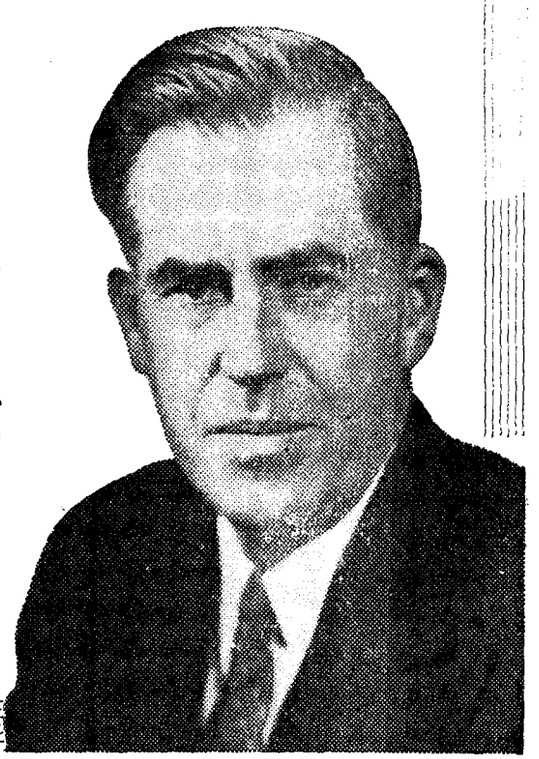

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